

THE HOME:

A

Fireside Monthly Companion and Guide,

FOR

THE WIFE, THE MOTHER, THE SISTER, AND THE DAUGHTER.

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THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THE great Elizabeth of England was hastening weary and sad to her grave, nor had she yet whispered the name of her successor in the ear of courtier, or favorite, when a babe was born in a quiet manor-house, on the banks of the Ouse, destined to become the lion-heart of Protestantism, to uplift its banner in the face of all Christendom, and make it a terror and astonishment to its enemies. That babe, about whose unnoticed cradle such mighty interests circled, was OLIVER CROMWELL. He was born near Huntingdon, in the east of England, April 25, 1599. His family was of pure Saxon descent, wealthy and respectable, but not noble. "I was," declared Oliver to his Parliament, "by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." Robert Cromwell, father of the Protector, was understood to have been, says Carlyle, "a wise, devout, steadfast, and worthy man, and to have lived a modest and manful life." His mother, Elizabeth, lived to a venerable age, the witness of her son's glory, and died in his house wept and bemoaned by him. Blessing him she departed, and was laid to rest; and small trouble was

it to her, if, in the years following, the royalist could find no better revenge, than to dig up her poor old bones and scatter them to the winds.

Four years from our first date, a coronation train, following fast the funeral car of the "Virgin Queen," was moving in gallant trim toward London; James was making all decent haste to quit his inhospitable lands and fractious subjects, and take possession of the magnificent legacy which his cousin had so grudgingly bequeathed him. As the royal party traveled southward amid the joyful acclamations of the whole English nation, they tarried several days at Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, the splendid mansion of Oliver's uncle. There, among the welcomers, was the little rustic Oliver, taking his first peep at royalty, looking up with bashful awe on that august monarch, who, very likely, never bestowed a glance on the embryo scourge of his royal race. There too was Prince Charles, a blooming, comely child, the second figure in this golden pageant, and the hope of three kingdoms, little dreaming that in dim, sorrowful years to come, that same stripling, Oliver, should again come before him, a

victorious chief and avenging judge, to lift his head from off his shoulders, and scatter his family in bitter exile. It is fabled that the Prince and boy Protector had a passage at arms even then; also that the latter was a vicious and unmanageable youth, a quarrel seeker, and a robber of orchards; "the whole of which, grounded on 'Human Stupidity,'" says Carlyle, "begs us to give it Christian burial once for all." Doubtless he was an active, resolute, mettlesome boy, of quick, warm temper, and that is all; there is not a particle of proof that he was dissipated or profligate. He was the fifth in a family of ten children, and the only boy who survived childhood.

In 1616 occurs the next authentic record of our hero. In that year he was entered a student at Cambridge, but did not long pursue his studies, being called home the following year by the death of his father, to return to college no more. Henceforth we are to fancy him a discreet *pater familias*, living with mother and sisters in the old mansion on the banks of the black and melancholy Ouse, looking after flocks and herds which fed in the willow-fringed, fen-skirted pastures; exchanging visits with a large circle of relatives settled around him, all among the "substantial gentry" of the land. No fortune-telling gipsy would have ventured to predict on the palm of that young country squire the future general and lord Protector.

The next considerable event in the life of Oliver was his marriage. Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, was the lady to whom he surrendered his heart during a brief sojourn at London in pursuit of legal knowledge. The nuptials were celebrated as soon as he had attained his majority, and he carried his young bride home to his mother. "Mother and wife," says Carlyle, "were to live together; the sisters had got, or were getting married; the son, as now head of the house, an inexperienced head,

but a teachable, ever learning one, was to take his father's place; and with a wise mother, and a good wife, harmonizing tolerably well we shall hope, was to manage as best he might. Here he continued unnoticeable, but easily imaginable by history, for almost ten years; farming lands, most probably, attending quarter sessions, doing the civic, industrial, and social duties in the common way; living as his father before him had done."

Children were born to Oliver and Elizabeth, a goodly number, so that life in the old manor-house was not likely to become dull or heavy from one generation to another. But upon this quiet, pastoral life of Oliver's, weightier cares than the fattening of cattle and the shearing of sheep would intrude. The great concerns of religion, and vital godliness forced themselves upon his thoughts, till sleep forsook his eyes; so great was the burden on his spirit that he believed himself about to die, and summoned his physician to his bedside in the night-time. But it was the Divine Healer alone who could restore health to the soul, smitten by the darts of the Spirit, and to Him Oliver applied.

From the moment of his conversion he was a changed man. Religion was a matter vast enough to move his nature to its profoundest depths. Personal holiness, how to subdue reigning corruption, and regain the lost image of his God, was, waking and dreaming, at home and abroad, in the house and in the fields, the grand theme of his meditations. He talked of it as he sat by his fireside, with wife and children; it filled his letters and his social intercourse. They who charge him with assuming religion to mask a mighty ambition, have not attentively considered the memorials of these first years of manhood, when no vast schemes had opened before him, and his lips were still strange to the sweet relish of power.

In 1628, when Cromwell was nearly thirty years of age, he first took his

seat in Parliament. From this date commenced that great public career, from which he was to rest only when he laid down beside kings and princes in the grave. Little thought the House of Commons, when the new and uncourtly member from Huntington arose to make his maiden speech, that the foremost man of the age was about to utter himself. The subject of debate was Religion, and the devout Oliver could not keep silence. "All eyes were turned upon him, and the House listened to him with attention. He wore a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by a bad country tailor; his linen was not of the purest white; his ruffles were old-fashioned; his hat was without a band; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance was swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, but his delivery was warm and animated; his frame, although exceeding the middle height, strong and well proportioned; he had a manly air, a bright and sparkling eye, and a stern look." Another record, somewhat later, shows that the famous Hampden, Oliver's cousin and intimate friend, had already discerned under this rough exterior his great qualities. Upon Cromwell's rising to speak on one occasion, a noble lord leaned forward and asked Hampden with astonishment who he was. "That sloven," replied he, "whom you see before you, hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid!) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

Into the great public career of Cromwell we shall not attempt to enter. He is one of those grand central figures in history from whom the light will never fade, whose acts and character are laid in colors which shall last while the world stands. Willingly would the historians of the Restoration have hidden away this master-piece in some neglected garret where dust and cobwebs would have thickened upon it forever. Gladly have all

succeeding Jacobite and infidel writers held up the canvas, all blackened and besmeared, as a true and faithful portrait of the man Oliver. It was a fortunate day for universal truth and justice, when Thomas Carlyle, rummaging among the moldering and worm-eaten cabinets of the former ages, saw the Great Protector, hanging there in such miserable plight, and undertook to shake the dust from those swarthy but most noble lineaments, and bring them out into perpetual light.

Thus God always takes care of the reputation of his servants. Let not the Christian statesman or reformer look too earnestly into the face of his fellow, nor seek too anxiously to approve himself to his generation; but let him rest in great quietness of spirit, knowing well that He who judgeth righteously will not only justify him in the *great assize*, but that He will also, in due time, proclaim his innocence with the voice of a trumpet in the ears of all living men.

If we judge Cromwell by the conflicting opinions of his contemporaries and immediate successors, his character is one which neither men nor angels can understand; it is the greatest enigma, the most insoluble mystery in the whole line of history. According to the royalist he was the most consummate hypocrite the world ever saw; all his prayers, fastings, prophesyings, godly exhortations, and even the simplicity and purity of his private life, were but the impious mask of his ambition — an ambition so vast and monstrous that, to feed it, he would sacrifice an innocent king, the welfare of the kingdoms, and even the salvation of his own soul. In his eye he was a master grim and despotic, a warrior more fierce and blood-thirsty than Tamerlane, a conqueror less humane than an Algerine corsair. He would represent him to be one of those terrible perversions of humanity sent like the pestilence to scourge the sins and desolate the hearths of an evil generation — a man wholly devoid

of generous sentiments and delicate sensibilities.

And yet his most bitter revilers can not deny that under this usurper, hypocrite, despot, and king-slayer, England arose to such a pitch of prosperity as she had never before known. Under his sway, peace, plenty, and order reigned through all her towns and villages, and every man dwelt in safety. On distant seas the sailor spread the flag of his country to the breeze with new-born pride; through all the ship-yards of the realm the sound of the hammer and saw, and the hum of busy preparation, told that again, as in the days of Elizabeth, the thunder of England had become a terror to her enemies. Justice between man and man was executed with a promptness and energy never before known; and even the Cavalier, in the midst of his sneers, drew securely around him the folds of the Protector's standard. Ireland, upon whose besotted tribes the hand of Oliver had descended "like the hammer of Thor," grew fat and prosperous under his tremendous rule. The poor Christians of Piedmont, fleeing in mid-winter from their peaceful valleys, before Popish fury, and drawing from Milton that fearful strain:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine Mountains cold,"—

these poor Christians cried out from their caves and snow-walled fastnesses to him who, alone of all the potentates of Europe, had the might and the will to succor them.

It is impossible to harmonize the life of Cromwell upon any supposition but that of perfect sincerity. This is the only key that will fit into all the wards of his character. An enthusiast he doubtless was, depending far too much on impulses, emotions, and sudden spiritual illuminations. His belief that the impressions made on his mind during prayer should be interpreted as the manifestations of God's will, led to some of the most notable errors of his life. This it was, according to his own showing,

which caused him to dip his hands in his sovereign's blood, and thus become a principal actor in one of the most pitiful and tragic scenes which have wrung the human heart.

The charge of wanton and barbarous cruelty which the loyalist was so forward in urging against Oliver, has its palliation, if not complete defense. There was a principle of mercy at the basis of that terrible pacification of Ireland, in which this scourge of God put whole garrisons to the edge of the sword, depopulated towns, and re-enacted the summary warfare of Joshua in Canaan. "I am persuaded," writes the Conqueror, after storming Drogheda, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood in future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise can not but work remorse and regret." Nor did the result disappoint his foresight; the whole nation, terror-stricken by his first severities, hastened to lay their submission at his feet, and thus a great expense of life was saved.

It is chiefly in the light of his *domestic* and *religious* history, that we of this generation understand Cromwell better than our predecessors. Opinions will always divide in the judgment of his public acts. The charge of hypocritical cant, and masked ambition will still be urged against him, but in his *private* life, malice itself can find no spot nor stain upon which to fasten. It is delightful, after following one of the great potent spirits of earth through strife and tempest, to turn aside with it into the green hedgerows and sheltered lanes of domestic life, to see it unbuckling the storm-battered armor, and reposing itself after the world's hard warfare in the lap of home and peace. We know a man but half when we see his world-side. We must behold him unbosomed in his family, with wife and little ones about him; as a master with his dependants; as

neighbor and familiar friend before we can judge him. It is not from a weak, womanish curiosity that we gather up so carefully the private memorials of the great; it is from an irrepressible yearning which we feel to reach into the inner soul of those whose outward development is so far beyond us — to discover there some affinities, some electric bands of sympathy binding us together. If, in the stern, war-scarred front of the Puritan chieftain we see little to attract, few points to which we may fasten cords of tender and sacred sympathies, we have but to turn it in a different light to perceive all its nobleness.

We have already noticed the marriage of Cromwell in 1620. Of the Lady Elizabeth Cromwell we know much less than we could wish. She seems to have been discreet, pious, domestic; one in whom the heart of her husband could safely trust. We have always thought those illegible letters of Napoleon, written on horseback, amid the thunder and uproar of battle, to his beloved Josephine, among the finest and most touching exhibitions of the man. Here is a fragment from a letter, written by another great chief on the field of Dunbar, before the smoke of his immortal victory had cleared away:*

"For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit.

DUNBAR, 4th Sep., 1650

MY DEAREST: — I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice."

* The artist, in our engraving, has chosen one of the sublime moments of history. Two hostile Christian armies encamped within sight of each other on the rocky promontory of Dunbar — the Covenanters asleep — Cromwell's soldiers, without tent or cover, under an inclement sky "praying and singing psalms," — the day dawning — Oliver withdrawn with his Generals into a solitary place, searching the Scriptures, and invoking the "Lord of Hosts" to fight their battle; — truly one of the most marvelous spectacles in the annals of war.

Perhaps, did we know her better, we should find that the Lady Elizabeth was as capable of inspiring a deep and fervent passion as the lovely Empress of France. She outlived her husband fourteen years, and died in the house of her daughter, Lady Claypole.

Cromwell had nine children, five sons and four daughters, of whom all but two sons reached mature years. Oliver, the eldest, was in the army with his father, and fell at the commencement of the war. On his death-bed the Protector thus alluded to the death of this son. "It went to my heart like a dagger — indeed it did." Two sons, Richard and Henry, survived their father; the second much resembled him, being possessed of resolution, energy, and capacity. Had the reins of government dropped by the Protector, fallen into his hands, they would not have easily slipped from his grasp.

Carlyle calls Richard a "poor, idle, triviality," and truly, if his vices were few, his virtues were not those which adorn a crown. Pleasant and amiable as he was, he gave his warlike old father much perplexity. A prodigious amount of negotiation it took to settle him in marriage. Oliver was determined to give him a pious wife, even to the rejection of a "very good proposition" which he received for the youth, but not where "there was an assurance of godliness." He fixed upon the daughter of an excellent country gentleman, and, after a courteous, but most tedious parley between the two high contracting powers as to jointures, allowance for maintenance, manor-house settlements, etc., Richard was sent down by his father to wait upon Miss Dolly, and so the business was concluded. The young people dwelt with the bride's father, and a series of letters passed between them and Oliver, which shows the latter in a very engaging light. It seems that the newly wedded, absorbed in their own happiness, failed to write to the doating parent as often as he could wish. Thereupon Oliver chides them thus

pleasantly: "I should be glad to hear how the little brat, (their first babe,) doth. I could chide both father and mother for their neglects of me; I know my son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes." Oliver is not well pleased to see his son living in idleness while his country's battles are being fought. "Take heed," he writes, "of an inactive, vain spirit. Recreate yourselves with Sir Walter Raleigh's history; it's a body of history, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story."

But poor Dick is not only an idler, but something of a spendthrift; he exceeds his allowance, whereupon comes a paternal missive so excellent and generous in tone that we quote in part. It is addressed to Richard's father-in-law. "I hear that my son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt. Truly I can not commend him therein. I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honorable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge like to fall to my share, a stick with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency, but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, and so much cost laid upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, I scruple to feed this humor, and God forbid that his being my son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am.
* * * * Truly I love him; he is dear to me; so is his wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I can not think I do well to feed a voluptuous humor in my son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life, in a time when precious saints are bleeding and breathing

out their last for the safety of the rest." Excellent words! worthy to be seriously noted by many a son and daughter of luxury at the present day.

Of Cromwell's daughters, only two are noticed in his correspondence with any particularity. Mary and Frances, the "two little wenches," for whose portions he so solicitously provided in Richard's wedding settlements, were both married the year before their father's death, the former to Lord Fauconborg, and the latter to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick. Swift says Mary was handsome, and like her father. She died in 1712. A project was at one time entertained by Charles II. of seeking the hand of Frances, the youngest, but no steps were taken. Bridget, the eldest daughter, was married young, to Lieutenant General Ireton, one of Oliver's most distinguished officers, and after his death, to General Fleetwood. She was a brave spirited woman, and very dearly beloved by her father. We find him sending his love to "dear Biddy, who is a joy to his heart for what he hears of the Lord in her." Writing to her soon after her first marriage to guard her against the peculiar seductions of youth and rank like hers, he uses this affectionate language: "Dear heart, press on; let not thy husband, let not any thing cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he, (thy husband,) will be occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that and love it best, and all the rest for that."

It was Elizabeth, the second daughter, who moved the father's heart with the greatest tenderness. Bright, beautiful, and fascinating, she was the charm of society, and the light of home. Gentle and modest, she seemed little fitted to control, but she had gained by her endearing qualities a most benignant influence over her father, and could reach his ear when it was closed to all others. It is the tradition that she threw herself at his feet and begged with tears for the life of the unhappy Charles, but of this there is no authentic proof. She

became, when scarcely sixteen, Lady Claypole; her husband, afterward Master of Horse to Oliver, is described as a man of "elegant appearance in the world." Doubtless she had peculiar worldly temptations, for the anxious father writes to his wife to entreat "Poor Betty" to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which he doubts she is subject to.

Letters more affectionately and devoutly Christian than those from Oliver to his family were never penned. If this be the language of hypocritical cunning and driveling cant, we wish the world had more of it. Nowhere in these domestic records do we see the smirk of a poor conceit at his very great and astonishing rise in the world, nowhere the outcropping of a wish for the still higher worldly advancement of his children; but everywhere, and always, his language is, "let us use the Lord's unspeakable mercies for our own salvation and the glory of His name."

The Protector has been represented as an austere and gloomy man, frowning on all merriment, repressing all innocent hilarity, and turning court and camp into one great conventicle. How could he upon whom rested not only the burden of settling a distracted nation, but also the universal defense of Protestantism, be otherwise than sober and sternly collected? What wonder, either, if courtier and soldier seeing the brow of their master heavy with care, learned to lower and contract their own. It was *the times*, and not the sullenness of religious gloom which made Oliver a grave and austere man. Yet even he had his merry jesting vein, not unmixed with buffoonery. In all lawful pleasures he liberally indulged his court, and kept a stud of race-horses for their amusement.

It was a domestic bereavement which broke the heart and hastened the end of the great Protector. Elizabeth, his favorite daughter, was

smitten with fever, and lay desperately sick at Hampton Court. For fourteen days and nights the agonized father hung over her couch; all public cares were forgotten—the most pressing concerns of state could not draw him from her chamber. But he watched in vain. Elizabeth, fair, young, and graceful, the flower of his heart, died. The father retired to his closet to weep there. He desired a Christian friend to take down the Bible and read to him the fourth chapter of the epistle to the Phillippians. Coming to the verse, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," he soliloquized, "Yes, I feel it, and see it; He that was Paul's Christ—is *my* Christ too!" and thus was he comforted.

But the watching, weeping, and sorrow had done their work. That iron frame, worn by the fatigues of war and the burdens of state, had long lain in wait for the coward's dagger; that noble heart had felt the keen smart of betrayed trust and treacherous friendship, but it was the anguish of bereavement which finished the work. Thus worn down he fell an easy prey to the disorder which had removed his daughter.

As he lay on his death-bed, tossed with pain and fever, God, eternity, atonement, grace—these were the momentous themes which employed his thoughts. Looking upon his weeping wife and his sons and daughters standing around him, he said, "Love not this world! I say unto you it is not good to love this world! *I leave you the covenant to feed upon!*" Precious inheritance! Wondrous estate! Richer far than the realm of England! enduring when crowns and sceptres shall crumble into dust.

On the Monday preceding the Protector's death, a fearful tempest burst over England. It was one of those terrific storms of mingled hail, thunder and rain, whose tradition is handed down from generation to generation. The solid walls of Whitehall, where the Protector lay, quivered and shook

beneath that tremendous blast. No close drawn curtains could bar out the sheeted lightnings from the sick man's chamber; no human device could muffle the thunder's reverberating roar; but the dying Oliver, before whose eyes the deep things of eternity were opening, regarded them not. As he lay upon his bed, in the midst of this solemn strife of the elements, his eyes closed, and he uttered that memorable and affecting prayer, in which he plead with God for the people of England, as Moses had plead for the Israelites.

Thus, more than a century and a half after, lay another of earth's great masters on his dying bed — thus swept the whirlwind and the tempest over his head — thus smote the blast on the rocky cliffs of his desolate isle — but *not thus*, with words of prayer and glorious trust, passed the spirit of Napoleon.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

IN a cemetery in the southern part of New Jersey, is a little child's tomb-stone, bearing this short, but touching inscription:

OUR WILLIE.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

What could be more simple, yet what more comprehensive? Those few words embody the history of a little life; they tell of all the sorrow felt in parting with a beloved one, and of the joy in the anticipation of meeting again.

It may be that little Willie was a bold, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, on whose lively form the heart of his mother doted, and the eye of his father looked with pride. He may have been the first among his play-mates, his step the firmest, his voice the clearest, and his laugh the loudest; or he may have been a timid little boy, who felt happiest at his mother's side, or on his father's knee; and, perhaps, some deformed or unfortunate little Willie, who could not see the

light of day, nor hear the sweet tones of his mother's voice. But be that as it may, it was "Our Willie," and the little place he once filled, is now vacant, and how great seems the vacancy. Where is he? Call him — we receive no answer. Here is his little chair, there his rocking-horse, and his little coat and pants lie neatly folded in the drawer; but we look for him in vain. Where has he gone? He is not lost. He has not wandered away in the woods where he can not find his way back again, nor is he strolling about the streets of some noisy town, looking anxiously for some kind, familiar face that shall smile on him and direct him home. No, he is not lost, for He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," has taken him, and he has only "gone before."

But *where* has he gone in advance of the kind father and loving mother, who, as it seems, expect to follow him? He is not beneath this grassy mound where these pretty flowers are growing, for if we tear open the little grave, we shall find nothing there but dust, and a little coffin moldering away, and "Our Willie" is not there. Oh, no! There is a bright, holy and happy place beyond. Its streets are paved with gold, and it is watered by a beautiful stream called the River of Life. No sickness is ever known there, nor sorrow of any kind, and every one who lives there is perfectly happy. There are thousands and thousands of little children there, and among them stands little Willie — for when the death-angel came and smote him, his spirit shook off earth's dust from its wings and went direct to Heaven. Now he is clothed in one of Heaven's robes of purity, and is singing praises with the other children there, to that loving Jesus who took them home, where they are not lost, but only "gone before."

HENRY BEACH.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

GOING BACKWARD; OR, HARD TIMES.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell."
MILTON.

IT is a dear little place after all. Strange that so many tears should have fallen when thinking it all over! I remember, oh how vividly, the long ago thoughts of this very cottage. It was an evening in the young spring-time, when the tender velvety grass sent up its tiny green spears to catch the moonlight, and the free brook babbled by the dear old brown homestead, and I thought its song had never seemed so merry, so hopeful, so prophetic as then.

William Thorne and I were walking alone—no, not alone, for our own thoughts created a whole world within and without us, and we were talking of the future. We were poor, or at least were far from riches, and always expected to be; though for all that we were happy, and had our own dreams as bright as bright could be, which we never doubted would some time be tangible realities. The town and its strange fascinations had no power over me then, and whatever of wonderful beauty adorned the interior of some of the grand houses we saw, was merely a subject of curious and fanciful speculation, and I never expected to see it all, much less possess one. We could see in the dim distance the tall spires with their steady skyward fingers, and the smoke curling upward and upward into the rosy mornings, and thanked God we were not desirous of the choking atmosphere. We had our toils and cares, but they were never irksome, and we did not know the meaning of ennui, and I doubt if any of the brown house inmates could have pronounced the word correctly.

William Thorne had been our neighbor, our play and schoolmate, and when we were children we were married often—a peculiar formula

known to children as the "Connecticut Law,"—and as we grew in years and stature, we never thought of the future only in connection with each other. William had gone to the city six years before, and was now in a promising situation, at what seemed to us an enormous income, and as that was the *prudence* our fathers had bade us wait upon, and for, we were soon to be married. This was our last evening previous to the wedding, and there was much to say that had been said many and many a time before, but it was still just as interesting as ever.

We walked on toward the town, and as we neared its outskirts we found ourselves in front of this same little house. "Willie," I began, "I am going to be a busy, prudent wife, so that sometime you can buy just such a house as this for me. I should be a perfect queen if we could go to housekeeping here the very day we are married; but I'm willing to wait."

He held his arm tighter to his side to press my hand that lay upon it closer to his heart, and we stopped to enjoy its delightful quiet, and watch the moonlight ripple over it, and through the fresh green leaves of the trailing roses about its windows. It was gleaming white, with pretty venetian blinds coming down to the floor, which was rather a novelty in a small house ten years ago. There were not more than eight or nine rooms, great and small, in the entire house, but 't was enough, and I coveted them with my whole heart, and so did Willie. The very farthest our wishes could go, the fairest visions our young fancies could picture, were sheltered beneath just such a roof.

"Patience, Kitty love, is a rare blessing to a young heart, and we've both got it, with hope and energy to keep its company. I believe, and my faith is prophesy this time, that we shall have one just like it before many years."

Much more we said, which my heart

refuses to give the pen, for it is among the imperishable treasures of memory and love.

The next day we were married, quietly in the quaint low parlor of the homestead, and my dear old father's tears fell upon my white muslin bridal dress, and his hands trembled when he stroked down my hair, and patted my cheek, and said, with a tone in which the effort to be cheerful was too apparent to escape notice: "You have been a good child, Pussy. If you are as good a wife, I know William will be a good man. There have been few great men, few noble men, without having a true wife, whose love and encouragement was the corner stone to all they were. God bless you, my daughter!"

My father was not a demonstrative man, not a social man even, but his life was a beautiful illustration of true piety. He had scarcely said this much to me of the future during all those pleasant years of waiting for "prudence," and it quite overcame me. I laid my head upon his bosom, and for the moment thought I had taken a too fearful responsibility upon my young shoulders, and would just then have gladly thrown aside my white dress, which I considered a marvel of expense and beauty, and sat down forever by my dear old father's knee to be his "eyes" once more, as I had been so long. But a look at Willie's troubled face quite won me back, and I felt that there was nothing I could not do—brave or bear for his dear sake. I did not know then how distressing would be the moment when those dreams and hopes, those struggles were entirely realized.

My mother—sweet spirit—would only smile, but her lip quivered when she kissed me, and bade me remember that in all things henceforth I must consider my husband's interest and happiness first of all, and thereby create a large share of enjoyment for myself. She said she could trust her daughter. She did not know, dear soul, how the world corrodes and

almost destroys the pure treasure of many a young heart.

We had selected two rooms in the outskirts of the town nearest the home we were leaving, and with a few additions to the contributions of my own family and Willie's mother, we went to housekeeping. I shall never forget my first supper, nor how proud I was of the pure white cups and snowy linen on the table. How dainty the bread and butter looked, and how fragrant the tea smelled from the new tin teapot! I've had silver since in abundance, but none gratified me so much as the dozen teaspoons and half dozen tablespoons, all of which lay upon the cloth more for ornament than use. Willie's mother gave me these, and were for that reason of especial value. I arranged and re-arranged every thing in the room except the pretty bright stove and the ingrain carpet upon the floor, and for want of flowers of rarer hue and fragrance, I had gathered yellow dandelions, and arranged them on plates with grass between, and a few green leaves from a rose-bush in the yard. I had not a wish ungratified that day—not one.

But how—never mind what was at the point of my pen—I only wish my heart could go back to its simple tastes, its self-forgetfulness, the holy, earnest happiness of those days. The world, if it had known us then, and taken the trouble to think, would have said, "Willie, you are poor," but we were not. It has known us since, and thought it no trouble to say we were rich, but we were not, oh, not then!

Thus a year passed. The firm who employed Willie had grown old and wealthy, and desired to take an active partner to manage the business, and let them rest in their old age. The capital to remain as it was, and Willie to have the management. Oh, how my heart bounded when Willie told me he was the "Co." of "Willis' Brothers, Merchants, Wholesale and Retail." I did not think of any thing

then but their kind appreciation of my husband, who had grown dearer by a whole year of delightful companionship, and the full belief that the white cottage and rose vines was almost within grasp.

A few days necessary to the completion of the arrangements passed, when one evening after the tea-things were put away—for I had never worked when Willie was home, I had so little to do in his absence—and had perched myself as usual on his knee, he said:

"How would Puss like to live in a fine house all by herself, and—"

"In the cottage, Willie?—oh, so much! and then I'd put flowers on the table fresh every morning in the summer, and—"

"Not so fast, chicken. I mean a large two or three-story brick house, and keep somebody to do every thing for you."

"Not a bit, Willie. Nobody could make bread, and cake, and toast, to suit you, for you say your own mother can't. Shame on you to talk so of her! But what do you mean with your questions?"

"I'll tell you, darling. You know to be a successful merchant I must make friends among that class of people who buy most goods. The firm advise that I should put my pretty wife where she will be appreciated, and they have offered me advantages sufficient, and I suppose I ought to do as they desire."

"You frighten me, Willie. I don't want to know the ladies I see in the store, when I go down to come home with you. Why, some of them buy goods as if they were made of money, or at least did not care how the bill was paid. I can't, Willie; I am sure I can't do it all."

"Not if it is best? Can't my little wife do what will advance her husband's prospects?" He looked so surprised and grieved to hear for the first time a decided objection to his expressed wishes, that my lip quivered like a little child's, and I laid my

head upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud. Willie had never seen me weep but once before, and it disheartened him wonderfully. He tried to soothe me, stroked my hair, and kissed my cheek many times before I could form a reply, and when I did I only said:

"I'll do all I can, Willie, if it will make you happier."

But Willie had relinquished his own wishes during the "good cry" I had had, and told me I need not go at all if I did not wish it; but I replied that I did wish it now, and it was very foolish and perverse of me to say or object to any thing that was best. I remembered my father's words too well to let any selfish dream of my own hold my husband down, when he might rise to equality with any man in the land. But Willie looked troubled, and I stroked his face, and petted him, and purred to him, as only a woman knows how to do, and at last we continued our talk. Willie said he despised half who bought goods of the firm, and would rather delve all his life as a clerk than have his wife become like them.

"I did not know you thought it *delving*, Willie?"

"I did not think so once," he said, "but you know we grow out of notions, sometimes, Kitty, and you will understand what I mean, by your own opinion, when you are settled in a different way of living. We've been very happy here, very, and no other place will be dearer."

The transition was not so very difficult as I had at first imagined. It was wonderfully agreeable after all to have a variety of bonnets and dresses, after owning but one at a time. It was pleasant to hear Willie say softly, "I did not know your hand was so beautiful—it used to be so brown."

The silver tea-urn and the porcelain made a great change in the appearance of the table, and it was far more convenient to touch the exquisite table-bell for any additional dish

than to rise up and get it myself. The old habit of being up with the sun and singing amid the fragrance of hot coffee, and the ringing of breakfast dishes, was hard to throw off, but I found that it appeared vulgar to my kitchen maid, and so I rid myself of it.

New friends, or at least those who called themselves such, occupied all my leisure hours, and my husband came home no more of evenings to remind me of our "first year." It was not, after all, satisfactory somehow, to have my old friends visit me. I loved them just as well, but they would come as they used to do without ceremony, and invariably some of my new and fashionable acquaintances would drop in upon them, and I soon learned what their looks meant when directed to the substantial clothing, or brown hands of my sisters, who I used to think so pretty. And sometimes when my dear old father and mother came, I found myself taking them into the back parlor and closing the doors; I always gave orders to the servant to say to visitors that I was engaged at such times. I did so wish they would never come in town. I went out to them often — every Sunday afternoon, and quieted my conscience by the argument that Willie could go out no other time, besides it was *home*. Bless their old hearts, they had grown into their second childhood, or they would have seen the change in their daughter.

We used to pass the cottage, and still the romance lingered there. I loved to gaze at it and dream over it, as over a picture hallowed by dear though sad recollections. Willie, or Mr. Thorne, as I called him now, always looked the other way when we passed it, and sometimes sighed, and sometimes hummed an old half-forgotten melody of our wooing days. We seldom talked of the past; indeed, we seldom talked at all as we used to do. It was gain, possession, and position that occupied our every thought, and it seemed very strange

that we had been other than now. Mirrors, pictures, and books — not to read, be it understood, there was no more leisure for reading; besides, the books were accumulated for a library, or for ornament. I was the one to propose a larger house next time.

"Let me sit on your knee and cry awhile," said my husband in a mock, serious tone, which half vexed me with the memories it brought. I controlled myself, and replied:

"It is for the interest of your business," at which he laughed, and told me to go house-hunting if I liked, and suit myself, but remember he did not want to become acquainted with all the people he should meet there.

Off he went singing, but left no kiss as he did in the *two rooms*, which omission was sadly felt just after the renewal of our old time conversation.

The house was found, the new carpets selected, the moving over, and father and mother came in to see us. Father was delighted, and talked, and wondered, and said it "'minded him of story books" to think he had such a grand daughter of his own; but mother looked sad. Five years did not draw such a glimmer over her eyes and intellect as over my old father's, and she saw more clearly the serious effect change would bring to her child's happiness, and as she gazed about her she sighed heavily.

"What, mother?" I said quickly.

"Nothing, my daughter, only don't make this your only source of enjoyment. The simple pleasures of your girlhood were not as dangerous as these."

I felt it to be true, and for once, only for a moment, lost the enjoyment of possession. But it passed away. Mr. Thorne had ceased to be "Co.," and was "William Thorne, Wholesale and Retail Merchant." Every wish, and they were legion, and not always even reasonable, was gratified fully, for my husband loved me dearly, though there was little or no time to express it.

After our second moving a babe came to us, and we forgot for a time every thing but this little bundle of pink flesh, almost entirely hidden in cambric, lace, and merino. Bachelors may laugh, and shrug their shoulders at the recital of fatherly devotion to such a shapeless bit of humanity, and call submission to the powers that be, yclept a nurse, much better than open rebellion, but I know there was a wonderful charm in the *bundle* for William Thorne. He found a remarkable amount of time to spend with us, and we sometimes went back in long talks almost to the cottage dreams.

Four years passed, and two others had occupied the rosewood cradle, and my husband was of course more absorbed than ever. Love for his children and anxiety for their future position in the world, added to his own increasing ambition, kept him from his family entirely, save at the blessed table gatherings thrice a day. I did not give up wholly my fashionable friends; indeed, I don't like to say how much my children were given over to hirelings. My mother chid me, but I satisfied the "still small voice" by saying over and over to myself, "My husband's business demands it. Half his customers patronize him because I visit them."

Thank God, neither of my parents lived to see us fall! Their blessed spirits passed the pearly portals of the "City not made with hands," two years ago. The sweet soul of my mother vanished quietly away, and ere the sentence, "dust to dust" was pronounced, my father folded his hands and rested from his labors. I remember, four months ago, when the dim and undefined fear of impending evil came over my husband's face, and then into my own bosom—I remember when, afterward, the shadow became real darkness, and though he said not a word, he kissed the children many times at night when they were asleep, and called me Kitty again, as he used to do.

One day, I shall never forget it, he came home at an unusual time, and entering my room where I was kneeling with my children in my usual daily devotions, he threw himself down beside me, and laying his arm over me whispered in my ear, "Pray for me too, Kitty dear;" but I did not audibly, for the sobs could not be choked down, and with bowed heads and bended knees we both wept. This was new to me. I had never seen a tear on my husband's face save those that fell on the faces of our dearly beloved dead, and I was startled into calmness.

"What is it, darling?" I whispered.

"Nothing for my wife and children left in these hard times," he whispered vehemently; "nothing!"

"Never mind," I said, struggling to appear unselfish, even though in heart I was unreconciled to this downfall.

"Can you bear it, darling?" he said, looking up into my face.

"Can't a woman bear any thing!" I replied, "and we are no worse than we once were," I added.

"Not so bad even, for I shall have a few hundred," he said, growing calmer.

"Enough for a cottage, Willie, do you think?"

"Plenty, Kitty! but your hands can never perform all there will be to do—and then the children—"

"Never mind the children, I can care for them. Get the cottage and hang out the red flag. I saved the ingrain carpet we used only a year in the *two rooms*. It is folded up with our first happiness in the garret, but I have taken care of the memory of the latter, and kept the moths from the first. The children won't mind the change."

And so I chatted on as merry as a grig, but my heart was very heavy. Again and again Willie folded his arms about me, and called me all the old and nearly obsolete pet names of long ago, and said he did not know

he had such an angel in a silk wrapper flitting about him. He wondered he had never seen the wings unfolded.

Strange, what a short step between utter dejection and demonstrative cheerfulness! But so it is. I had calmed him, but when he was gone the wild rebellion within myself came. I knew he had done all an honest man could do to avoid the calamity, and others too old to regain their fortune and credit had gone down also. The struggle was not so desperate with us after all. We were still almost young, not even on the steep of middle age, and why should we be discouraged? From room to room, from picture to picture I went, and as one after another of my household treasures received their tear and regret, I gave them up then and forever. They could not get another sigh. I heard a ringing laugh in the nursery after a long time, and upon opening the door found my babe but three months old denuded of every garment by the five-year old Mabel, the pet and pest of the house, and undergoing the process of a tepid sponge bath. Willie stood up crowing and laughing, and the "wee one" enjoying the luxury highly. It was rather a dangerous procedure, but down I went upon the carpet, and, from tears of very grief, cried for excess of laughter, at the new nursery maid, and her coadjutor, Major Bill, as his father called him. It was a picture. Mabel had on my best morning cap, and had tied the rose-colored tassles of my most recherche morning wrap about her, and was preparing to do that which I am ashamed to own I had never done but once or twice. I re-dressed the baby before the maid came in, and found her unwarrantable neglect of duty in absenting herself so long a sufficient excuse for discharging her immediately. Who will punish me for the same offense? I trusted her with my little ones and God trusted me. Who has been most faithless?

The hours I loitered about in my

giving up of the beautiful surroundings of my home, had wasted the morning and noontide of that day, or at least the world would have said so, but they were precious hours to Him who seeth in secret, for with them passed the vanities and false valuations I had put upon my possessions, and left me a stronger woman; submissive to whatever the future had for us, so that our circle remained unbroken. It was dinner-time, and I gave orders for plates for four, and the high chairs from the nursery. When my husband came home, the baby lay tossing up her chubby hands and feet from a pillow on the dining-room floor, and for the first time, the two eldest taking lessons in table etiquette. There had been no such dinner in that house since we lived there — so merry, so hopeful, so real and true in its enjoyment. The Major tried to talk, but only chirped, and Willie forgot his dessert in the story of the bath and new nursery-maid. The cottage came next, and Willie found he could not only have one, but the *very one* of our long ago hopes. It had been carefully preserved, and was in prim order. When should we take it?

"Now—any time," I replied. And so it was. True, many of our luxuries found their way with us, but dearest of all were our first possessions. One servant serves instead of four, and I find bathing the baby quite as delightful a pastime as Mabel did. It is a problem to me how the time for all sorts of useful things should be found in a cottage, and not in a splendid residence. 'Tis quaintly said that "idle people have the least leisure;" and though I have proved it, I can not explain the fact. Willie is preparing to do a small, safe business, and is as cheerful as ten years ago. Inanimate surroundings don't create happiness, though they may and do gratify taste.

I hope the panic has almost subsided, for I fear that in failing, every one will not find themselves, as we did, at the very summit of our young

ambition. Willie says the bread was never so white, nor the coffee so delicious in a larger house, and I don't tell him I am browning my hands to have it as it used to be, lest his sensitive spirit should feel the sting of change.

Only a month has passed, and I don't weary of it, I only wish it had been in the spring-time, so that the rose-vines would coquette with the moonlight and shadows, as it did ten years ago. But 'twill come soon enough if hands and thoughts are too busy too think of time. 'Twas a wise and sensible prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

"A little, and content;
A faithful friend and cheerful night,
A happy home of sweet delight,
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
A quiet eve and busy day."

WARTON

A FEW FACTS ABOUT "UNLUCKY FRIDAYS."

FRIDAY is the unlucky day, *par excellence*, according to the opinion of the million. Singular, indeed, is it to notice how wide-spread is this credence or credulity. Some writers, who claim to know all about the chronology of early events, even to days and hours, tell us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and died on Friday; hence, the inauspicious characteristics of that day. Others have picked out a few Fridays in connection with events and persons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and have made poor Friday responsible forever afterwards. For the greater part, however, the dictum has been accepted without any troublesome inquiry into its cause or authority; we know that the cat breaks every thing, no other culprit coming forward; and on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week. The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on Friday; and the Finland-

ers couple that day with Monday in the same bad list. *The Statistical Account of Scotland*, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, 'few persons would choose to be married on a Friday.' Richard Cœur de Lion was killed on a Friday, and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon for evermore. A Shropshire adage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the *best* or the *worst* weather in the week. Seamen are the most redoubtable defenders of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices in this matter imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast. In 1848, it was whispered at one of our southern ports that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-omened Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to disabuse sailors of their prejudices, a ship-owner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday; the ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the *Amazon*, a West India mail-steamer, left Plymouth on her first voyage on Friday, January 2, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of 115 lives; and that the *Birkenhead* troop-steamer, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of 454 lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the *Amazon* joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed

from that port on a Friday ; and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor-mind when this list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have *not* told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on the other days of the week in as large number as on Friday. If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays? The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed : " O that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day ! " but as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage from a newspaper, shewing that our great republic, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day ; " On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery ; on Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land ; on Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent ; on Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety ; on Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America ; on Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America : this is the first American state-paper in Eng-

land. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Province Town, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms occurred. On Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. We have not verified these dates ; but supposing them to be correct, they certainly send Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premium ; all we ask is — *fair play for Friday*.

BE NEAT.—Young ladies, if they knew how disgusting to man slovenliness is, and how attractive are displays of neatness and taste, would array themselves in the simplicity and cleanliness of the lilies of the field ; or, if able to indulge in costly attire, they would study the harmonious blending of colors which nature exhibits in all her works. A girl of good taste, and habits of neatness, can make a more fascinating toilet with a shilling calico dress, a few cheap ribbons and laces, and such ornaments as she can gather from the garden, than a vulgar, tawdry creature who is worth millions, and has the jewelry and wardrobe of a princess.

REGINA THAYER.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

When the golden-haired October
Came, with tread sedate and sober,
Softly o'er the meadow reaches,
'Mongst the maple trees and beeches,
Changing Autumn's frost-rime hoary,
For a crown of golden glory;
Where the elm-trees and the larches,
O'er the flag-stones met in arches,
And the velvet lawn, close shaven,—
Flower adorned, and statue graven,
Swept, a noble home before,
Gently to the river's shore;
Like a princess then and there
Stood Regina Thayer.

There were tulips in the borders
Waiting for Regina's orders;
Daffodils and rarest lilies,
Question what her queenly will is,
For the gardener is dressing
Bulbs, against the spring's caressing.
Costly bulbs beneath the larches,
Such as wealth alone can purchase,
'Tis her father's stately mansion
Crowns the landscape's broad expansion,
'Tis her father's gold can cover
All those lawns, and meadows over;
And the sole proud mistress there,
Sits Regina Thayer.

Where the iron fence is seen,
And the willow branches green
Tangle like a witch's hair,
On the Autumn's stormy air,
There, unharmed by wind or weather,
Sleeps Regina's sainted mother;
She who prayed for her young daughter
When the grim death-message sought her,
Prayed that God in love would shield her,
From the earth's toils that bewilder,
That her feet might heaven-ward wander,
Though no mother's love were round her;
Where was breathed that dying prayer,
Dwells Regina Thayer.

When the golden-haired October,
Went with tread sedate and sober,
O'er the stubble-fields, and meadows,
And the Autumn's broadening shadows
Falling from the night-wings sombre,
Deepened toward the dull November;
When the coronals so glowing,
From the riven trees were going,—
Gone from 'neath the Scottish larches,
From the ancient elm-tree arches,
From the threshold of the palace,
Where she drank of wealth's proud chalice,
Gone from all who sought her there,
Was Regina Thayer.

There is now no wealth to cover
All those lawns and meadows over;
When the Autumn winds blew free,
Laden ships were lost at sea:

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They have placed her moaning father,
In the walls where madmen gather;
And with none to seek her, none,
She is orphaned, and alone;
Sinks she now o'erwhelmed with sorrow?
Is there strength that she can borrow?
Ah! the guardian wing is nearer,
And the daughter's eye is clearer;
Kept and guided everywhere
Moves Regina Thayer.

All the strength that slept unheeded,
Wakes up firmly, claimed and needed;
With broad braids and golden hair
Folded o'er her forehead fair,
In her maiden pride and beauty
Calm, she treads her path of duty;
Hasting at the bells dull stroke.—
Books beneath her sombre cloak;
In the city's crowded school,
Lo Regina beareth rule.
'Neath the stroke that God hath given,
She is shielded—saved for heaven;
To the mind so crushed, and black,
She shall bring the reason back,
Guided by that mother's prayer,
Blest Regina Thayer.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE Old Year died, 'mid cold and dark,
Without a shroud, all grim and stark,
While clouds sailed sadly, slowly o'er,
And hid the stars in Heaven's floor;
And sullen winds a requiem blew,
And drifting snows a cov'ring threw
Above the corse, as pure, and white,
As he whom Time enthroned last night.
No matter for the old one now!
The crown we laid upon his brow
One year ago, has gathered rust—
His jeweled robes have turned to dust.
Why should we grieve? He's old and dead!
Why longer love when beauty's fled?

But, oh! remember, by-and-by
'T will be the same with you and I;
The grass will wave above our heads,
The blossoms nestle on our beds;
And hearts we've loved to lean upon,
Will grieve awhile, when we are gone;
Then smiles will brighten, cheeks grow fair
Another take our vacant chair,
And like the year that was—is not—
We too may be as soon forgot.

But noble deeds ne'er pass away,
They live to bless, on earth for aye;
Then, in that Better Land afar,
Bright spirits change them to a star
To gleam with radiance ever fair,
On coronals our angels wear.

RESPECT YOUR MOTHER.

BY COUSIN THINKER.

YOUNG man, think it not too trivial a matter to pause for a moment, and turn your thoughts toward your mother, to whom you are bound by the tenderest ties of love and affection. We need hardly tell you, what you have heard so often, that your mother is the nearest and dearest friend you can possess on earth, and has a strong claim upon your love and gratitude. Think not then we ask too much of you to bestow a moment's thought upon one, the chief study of whose life has been to advance your happiness and comfort; who never forsook you in trouble, and clung to you with all the affection of a mother's heart. This is a great debt, the interest of which you can never repay.

Think of all she has done for you—all, indeed, you can not; her attentions toward you commenced long before the period to which your thoughts can go back. It was your mother that nursed you through all those years of helpless infancy, and attended to your every necessity and comfort, which a mother's eye alone can discern. It was she who longed to catch your first lisping accents, and taught your chubby little feet to tread the soft carpet. It was your mother that sympathized with you in your childhood's trials, and mingled her grief with your own when you related to her your first school-day sorrow. It was she who bore patiently with your boyish freaks and acts of thoughtlessness, and with much anxiety and unwarying tenderness brought you to the position you now occupy.

Remember, too, your mother has bestowed upon you these numberless blessings from pure, unfeigned affection. The highest ambition of her life has been to advance your welfare, and give you an inheritance which will make your bark glide smoothly on the voyage of life. If a fellow-

associate bestows upon you a favor, he would naturally look for an expression of courtesy, or even a reciprocation of the kindness at some future period. But your mother does not look for a return of her many acts of affection; she seeks your happiness and enjoyment through love alone.

But this does not deny you the privilege of reciprocating her favors. Have you done all in your power to remunerate her, in part, for this great care and anxiety? You can do many little favors for her which will send a beaming smile over her countenance, and you will feel a thousand times the happier for it. Do not think yourself above performing the common duties of the household. When you have opportunity prepare her a cup of fragrant tea for the sake of doing it for "mother"—you may have to do so for yourself some day from *necessity*; or, "take the baby," while she looks to little Jimmy's wants; or, help her sew together the carpet rags in the evening, preparatory to being sent to the weaver's, to be woven, may be, for your own chamber. Learn to use the needle dextrously, and turn your hand to any thing during a leisure moment, whether it be in the kitchen or elsewhere. You will find this to be of invaluable service to you in after life.

Speak kindly to your mother. Be careful not to vex her by any thoughtless word or action. A word spoken in harshness will go like a dagger to her heart. If you have a quick temper, set about to curb it, and you will save your mother many tears shed in secret, and many sleepless nights. Ever exercise obedience to her wishes, and follow her counsel in every thing you do. If you observe her advice in all things, your mother will speak of you as did the immortal Washington's, of her noble and heroic boy, "He has always been an obedient and affectionate son."

Farther, you can add to her happiness by your constant presence at the

fireside in the evening. What a hallowed place to every heart is this little circle of domestic joy. You can here unbosom to her your troubles, and she will lend a sympathizing ear. You will vex her meek spirit if you exchange your seat at the fireside for the less congenial associations of the street, the club-room, or the place of frivolous amusements. Cherish and comfort your mother then in every possible way. Never, oh! never throw reproach upon her sacred name, but honor it, and ever throw sunshine upon her path "e'en down to the valley of death."

You may form near and dear relations in after life, yet you will never find an affection like that of a mother. In sickness, whose foot will trip as lightly in and out of your chamber as your mother's? who so ready to moisten your parched lips with the cooling draught, or administer the healing medicine? who will watch so unwearyingly by your bedside through the long night vigils? or, who rejoices so much when the crisis of the disease is over, and you finally become convalescent?—as your mother. You will never find one whose hand is so soft, or whose voice so soothing, who exults with you in health, or alleviates your sufferings in sickness, as does your kind and tender mother. Respect your mother, then, and speak kindly of her, and it will be a solace to you, when the sod covers her from your sight, that you done all you could to make her happy.

Young woman, we need hardly press upon you the duty of respect and gratitude toward your mother. In your position, as a daughter, you can exemplify many acts of love and affection for her. The duties of a daughter you know better than we can teach you. You occupy a responsible station in the family, and one of vast influence. Be very careful then, that you exert a salutary effect upon the minds of the younger members of the household. If you inherit your mother's sweet disposi-

tion, you can show respect to her in no better manner than by presenting to those who look upon you, a model of good principles, and a good example. In your sphere, you can use your exertions much in throwing around all the love of home. Endeavor, with your mother's aid, to make the hours flit away pleasantly, and, as you have a leisure moment, amuse the little ones by innocent home recreations.

Grieve not your mother by walking in the footsteps of a foolish fashion, but let it be your chief delight and aim to lighten her cares and anxieties, and bear upon your shoulders a share of the domestic duties. Speak not lightly of your mother among the circle of your acquaintance, and jest not upon her "peculiar notions" as you may style them. Follow the diction of her mind, and you will become a blessing to her, and to those who may come under your influence.

Parent, if you have been blessed with the privilege of having a faithful mother to advise you in her age of experience and years, cherish and respect her. She is old—yes, very old. Her eye has grown dim, her form is bent graveward. The thin, silvery hairs have taken the place of the dark ones of her womanhood, and her step, once so strong and fearless, falters now, and she can not walk far without the aid of a staff. Sorrow is depicted upon her wan countenance, and every look from her denotes that she is "passing away."

Look not upon her as a burden in your family, and never designate her by the name of "old woman." Bear with her odd notions, if she has any, for her "span of life is nearly run." She has heavy claims upon you, and now that she needs your care, do not neglect to give it to her. Do all you can to cheer her old age, and the infirmities of years will sit light upon her, and she will smile at the approach of death. She will see herself honored and respected in the memory of her child, and pass down to the

grave in full content and joy. Bear in mind if you do not respect and honor your aged mother, you will not be cherished in the hearts of your children in turn, when you totter with feeble steps down the rugged declivity of life. There is much truth as well as rhyme in that familiar couplet by Randolph:

"Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed."

Think of this then, oh parent. It is on this dreary path that your mother most needs your affection and gratitude; and if you withhold it from her, the curse will be visited upon you by your own children in turn.

Dear reader, perhaps the foregoing remarks on due respect to mothers has no direct bearing to your condition. You may have a spirit-mother — one who has divested herself of life's habiliments, and entered upon a higher and holier sphere. How pleasant it will make the rugged paths of life's journey appear, and how it will cheer your pilgrimage, if you have never deviated from the path of rectitude, to occasion a chastening rebuke from the sainted mother, and been to her dutiful and affectionate. Years, many years, may have passed since her spirit took its flight, yet if you have disrespected her, time will never heal the sting made on your heart. How it will chill your life-strings if you utter, in the words of Charles Lamb: "What would I give to call my mother back to earth to ask her pardon for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain." But how it will sweeten life's cup, if you can say, with Cowper: "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death fifty years since has not in the least abated."

"Thus her memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how she lived but to love them.
And as fresher flowers the sod perfume,
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom,
From the image she left there in dying."

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

HAD this heroic woman "no pretensions to virtue!" She a woman of "loose morality," of "notorious profligacy!" So a modern author asserts, and one, professing to have a "woman's heart," reiterates and admits the statement, while she professedly deplores the occasion that prompted it, and is lavish of her pity for the magnificently endowed and suffering Josephine. But, why pity her? Be it true that she was a profligate woman, then was her apparent agony during that tragic scene which severed the conjugal tie, a farce! and in vain has the fountain of a great deep been stirred in our soul at its perusal. That there were cotemporary with Josephine, base intriguers, and false ones of her own sex, who sought to "filch from her, her good name," and who succeeded in alienating, for a time, the heart of each in turn, of those to whom she had confided her all of earth, has long been well understood. And, that her whole history is proof conclusive of the falsity of the charges which led to such results, has been, we think, as fully admitted. It seems quite too late to harbor a suspicion of the truth of an assertion, which seeks to blast the reputation of one whose memory has so long been hallowed by virtuous association. Who has known a woman of "loose morality," when discarded by her husband, seeking solitude, and the society of books, such as "Night Thoughts" and "Hervey's Meditations!" Women of "notorious profligacy" are said to acquire the habit of weeping for effect, but not like the sorrowing Josephine are they surprised in tears, as was she by the impetuous Napoleon after he had cruelly refused her audience for a brief period. Did ever a woman of "loose morality" retain all the finer feelings, and possess more heart and soul than any ten women besides, however virtuous? Do such women excel in philanthropic acts, intellectual culture, and literary attainments? Do such, when

exalted in station, and rolling in wealth and splendor, "visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction," and abound in good works and alms deeds?" Are they capable of an undying affection, like that which made Josephine ready to accept exile "on a lone barren isle," that she might solace him, who, in the hour of prosperity, had so wrung her heart by his perfidy and love of Glory, at the sacrifice of her pleasant Malmaison retreat, and the friendship and society of the renowned which were still proffered her? No! no! and in our estimation she is still "*The excellent Josephine*"—a name, in comparison with which the Imperial title is empty and vain. KATE CAROL.

A WORD TO THE MOTHERS WHO READ "THE HOME."

BY MARTHA DODD.

DEAR MOTHERS:—What are you doing for your sons to keep them from the wiles of the demon Intemperance? Do you add line upon line, and precept upon precept? Do you cease not to warn them, "day and night, and with tears?" Do you know that what mother says is right, to the little ones, and do you *dare* keep silence now on this subject, and perhaps help them to form habits, which in after years will bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? I am induced to ask you these questions from a circumstance which impressed me very painfully the other day.

I went with a party of friends to visit a distant relative of my husband, who lives about thirty miles away. The ride was tiresome, and our attentive hostess thought we stood in need of refreshment before supper could be prepared. So, after a short absence from the parlor, she returned bearing a pitcher of hot sling, and a tumbler, which she passed around among the company, urging us all to drink, "it would do us good." Her eldest child, a beautiful boy of three years,

came in with her, crying for "some out of *that* glass." The mother at first said, "Oh, no, run away and get another tumbler and drink some water." But he was not to be put off in that way; he had governed too long; so she held the glass to his lips, and gave him to drink of the fiery poison. She, his own mother! gave it to her boy!!

A curse is recorded against the man who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips, and why? Because he tempts him to destroy himself; he can resist, his manhood can rise up and assert itself, and repel the tempter. But this infant, he was not tempted—he *was taught*. I looked forward involuntarily to his probable career. I saw him, in dismal colors, a *drunkard*, a curse and disgrace to the mother who bore him, and yet she has not the faintest idea that she is doing her best to make him one herself. They are a highly respectable family, and temperate, but always keep liquor in the house because it is good to use. As a babe she gave him sling, because the grandmothers said it would make him sleep so well; now, because he teases for it, and she has not strength of will to refuse him promptly.

I have no heart to enlarge upon this subject, only, mothers beware, beware! see too it, that if, in after years, your darling boys should be outcasts, the sin lie not at your own door, that their blood be not required of you.

KINDNESS.

THE Rev. Hosea Ballou was accustomed to say to parents: "If you practice severity, speak harshly, frequently punish in anger, you will find your children will imbibe your spirit and manners. But if you are wise, you will fix the image of love in their minds, and they will love you and each other, and in their conversation will imitate that which they have heard from the tenderest friend which children have on earth."

THE MIDNIGHT PILGRIMAGE.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

I HAVE bound my sandals firmly, I have
grasped my palmer's staff,
And in moonlit cells the vestals offer prayers
in my behalf.

Crouching lions haunt my pathway, round
my feet the serpents hiss;
Oh! for iron mail to guard me in a pilgrim-
age like this!

But my vow is resting on me; though the
thunders o'er me roll,
I must find the path dædalian to the temple
of my soul.

While the midnight bell is chiming, and the
stars are overhead,
And all else is robed in silence, sounds the
pilgrim's lonely tread.

Through the forest dark where lightnings
play among the tumbling leaves,
Out upon the angry ocean, where my frail
bark strangely heaves.

Years have fled, since, in my madness, I for-
sook the temple gate,
Left the walls that shrined my treasures,
heeded not the coming fate.

Will the sacristan be waiting, who hath waited
in the past?
Will he know me in this sackcloth, with a
brow so overcast?

I bethink me that the pictures will be dark
and dim with dust,
I bethink me that the wine-cups will be rough
and red with rust; —

That the columns may be crumbling, and the
banners moldering low,
And the sculptures may be shattered where
the sunlight used to glow; —

That the glowing chancel-window where the
Saviour, clothed in light,
Stood transfigured on the mountain, may be
wrapped in robes of night; —

That the lattice where I knelt, confessing all
my secret guilt,
May be broken, and the incense and the holy
chrism spilt.

Can I worship in the ruins, there among the
scattered stones, —
There, with shivered hopes around me, lying
like dry whitened bones?

"I have sought the ruined temple, so to ex-
piate my sin;
Sacristan, white-haired and trembling! let
me enter now within.

"Lead me to the marble altar with the
golden flowers entwined;
In the curtained niche above it was my dear-
est hope enshrined.

"Draw aside the crimson vail, and let the
light upon it fall;

I have worshiped at this altar ere life's cup
was mixed with gall.

"Say, old man! where hast thou hidden this
bright hope I loved so well?
Time could never, never smite it; he would
feel its glorious spell.

"He would bow beneath its radiance; but I
see the empty space,
Lined with azure, starred with silver —
where is now its hiding-place?"

"Hast thou come, oh, longing pilgrim! with
thy wild vague questioning,
Looking in the wintry season for the blos-
soms of the spring?

"Time hath piled this drifted snow, where
once were clustering curls of brown;
I had thought thy life were ended, and thy
grave were overgrown.

"Thou hast sought thy dream-like idols 'mid
the cloisters of thy youth,
Here to find the wine-vase shivered, here to
bow in fiery ruth.

"Every niche within this temple, held a holy
hope of thine,
Each arrayed in raiment, glowing with the
changing hue of wine.

"And the lofty, vaulted ceiling, like the
golden-blossomed sky,
Shone with amber clouds that softened to
thy fond adoring eye.

"And the aisles of rare mosaic, gleaming in
the solemn light,
With thy hurrying steps resounded, both at
morn and evening light.

"Here were heaped most costly treasures,
relics of a buried age: —
Oh! to enter thy soul's temple, were to read
a wondrous page!

"Now, the lapsing years have crumbled all
its glories into dust,
And each secret spring is fastened in a sheath
of yellow rust.

"All thy god-like hopes have perished; in
the urn their ashes rest;
And the fluted marble pillars to the pave-
ment now are pressed.

"Would'st thou conquer back thy treasures?
win them from Time's giant hand?
Yet, alas! thy strength is weakness; we are
in his shadowy land."

"Sacristan! thy words are woeful; I had
sought this temple gate,
Here to feast my world-worn spirit, here to
meet the crush of fate.

"I have wandered in the mazes where the
world her children leads,
Thinking of her pleasures failed me, if they
proved but broken reeds.

"I would turn to this lone temple, where my
secret hopes have been,

Turn and rest my weary spirit, tired of all
the glancing sheen.

"And I find my altars broken, all the sacred
fires gone out,
And the lamps of alabaster on the pavement
strewn about.

"I will turn from moldering ashes, I will
shun this ruined fane;
I no more will thread these cloisters, never
seek these shrines again.

"Lead me out beneath the moonlight, out
beneath the midnight stars;
In this mystic gloom are spirits waging still
their endless wars.

"Evil demons, white-winged spirits, cleave
the air with fiery blade,
Striving each to slay the other, and I sink
and am afraid.

"Hark! the matin-bell is chiming, and I
hear the morning chant;
Sacristan! I leave thee quickly; watch thou
in this dismal haunt.

"To my hopes so early blighted, shall no
resurrection come;
And my spirit ever wandering, never find a
cloudless home."

CAMPBELL'S BROOK.

BY REV. CHARLES STARR BAILEY.

Rushing impetuously over the stones,
Brown-faced rocks and trunks of trees,
Widening here, and deepening there,
A frolicsome thing with the summer breeze:
All day long a wanton thing,
Was "Campbell's Brook" in the early spring.

Astride the trunk of a fallen tree,
I sat and heard the waters play,
The sunlight here and there came in,
To tinge the stream with a golden ray,
While nameless flowers, and weeds a score,
Grew up by the curving, pebbly shore,
And seemed to love a wanton thing,
Like "Campbell's Brook" in the early spring.

How charmed my senses there became,
How Joy tuned up the chords of Being,
Above, around me, everywhere,
My soul communed with the ALL-SEEING;
With fresher spirit and fresher heart,
I quite forgot the busy mart,
That never to me a Joy could bring
Like "Campbell's Brook" in the early spring.

Indeed, how little do they know
Who jostle through the crowded streets,
How much of Nature's love and good,
Could there be had in those retreats?

How much in mingling sun and shade,
Stream and flower there is given,
To lead the inner man from dross,
To virgin gold and views of Heaven?

How much indeed a wanton thing,
Like "Campbell's Brook" in early spring,
Can raise the Soul from sordid strife,
To waters of UNFAILING LIFE?

And now, in these October days,
I walk among the dim old woods,
And hear the waters still of old,
Awakening up the solitudes:
The woods are brown, and cool the winds,
And drifting fall the dying leaves,
While all about the hand of Time,
Is binding up the autumn sheaves;
But "Campbell's Brook" goes on the same,
And with a noisy shout again,
Seemeth the same wild wanton thing,
As in the days of early spring.

THE MAGI AT BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. LYMAN LOVEWELL.

THERE came from the east, where the Indus
has wrought

His channel of beauty and grandeur untold,
A prince of the Magi, 'twas Jesus he sought,
And rich were his offerings of purple and
gold.

Near the city of David he paused to survey
The wonders around him that thronged on
his sight,

The scene that he traced, there no art can
portray,
'T was Jerusalem's self in her glory and
night.

The palace of Pilate, all dazzling its wall,
The house of Caiphas its rival was near,
The temple of Herod, more gorgeous than all,
While fortress and tower cast their shadows of fear.

"In one of these surely, the Saviour is born,"
Thus musing, the Magi looked upward to
trace

The star that had led him both evening and
morn,
Surprised that it lingered not over the place.

He followed it onward, 'yond palace and hall,
'Till Bethlehem's border at length it had
neared,

And there, by an inn, where the poorest did call,
O'er a stable the sign of its promise appeared.

"Ah, this the distinction," the Magi exclaimed,
"Twixt Gods of the heathen and Maker of all.
While they but adhere to the wealthy and
famed,

The true one is found with the humble and
small.

"Hence every disciple who learns the Messiah,
Will call to remembrance the place of his
birth,

The force of example the good will inspire,
To seek out the poor and the lowly of
earth."

MY NEIGHBOR'S STEP-SON.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

CHAPTER I.

"He that may hinder mischief,
And yet permits it, is an accessory."
FREEMAN.

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be a
savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man—
Then crown her queen o' the world."

"SHOCKING! what language he is using!" it sent a chill through me, and I could not refrain from making the exclamation aloud. I was sitting at my library window, where I was accustomed to sew of a summer morning, and the sounds I heard proceeded from a group of boys who were gathered at the other side of an open court into which this window opened. I pushed back the shutters a little and turned the slats so that I could see through. The words which I had heard proceeded from the lips of a fine athletic looking lad of twelve or thirteen years, who was evidently in a fit of towering passion. His cap had fallen off in the struggle, for he seemed to be trying to reach some one of the group toward whom his anger was directed, and his beautiful chestnut hair, dripping with perspiration, was tossed back from a flushed but finely shaped forehead, while the torrent of passion and profanity that issued from his lips exceeded any thing I had ever heard. "And my boys are listening to it all," I said involuntarily, as I saw the two little ones who had been cradled on my bosom, standing somewhat aloof from the group, but looking on and listening to the whole. I tapped with my thimble on the shutter; the sound was not loud enough for those who had not been accustomed to it to hear, but Jamie and Hartson heard it, and came to me beneath the window.

"Who is that boy?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Jamie, looking up at me with an expression of awe upon his childish features. "They only came to school yesterday, and

he is my seat-mate, but I haven't heard their names yet. It was he that gave me the orange yesterday."

"Was it?" Here was a more serious matter than the mere fact that my boys must listen to such profanity in the street. Was my gentle quiet Jamie to learn his daily lessons side by side with such a boy as that, drinking impressions, and falling, however unwillingly, under his influence? It was a matter to be looked into—I must call upon the teacher. "What is the matter with him?" I asked, with new eagerness of interest. "Who is it he is so angry with?"

"It's his brother," said Jamie, speaking in a restless, excited tone, for he was not accustomed to hear any thing of the kind. "I don't know what is the matter. They were talking, and his brother kept answering him so low that I couldn't hear, till at last he got just as mad, and began to swear. He scares me, mamma. Do you think he ever heard about Cain and his brother?" and he looked up at me with that earnest, wistful look, that made me love him so.

His brother—yes, I could see him now, a slight, trim-looking lad, who stood on the outer edge of the group. He was evidently two or three years older than the angry boy, and had light hair, and a still, meek face, that moved not a muscle at the torrent of rage which was directed toward him. He had placed two or three boys between him and the clenched-up fist, and was looking on as quietly as if he were a totally uninterested spectator of the proceedings. A quick lift of the eye, which was immediately turned away again, showed me that he had noticed Jamie and Hartson beneath the windows, and was aware of an indoor spectator of the quarrel, though he probably could not tell who it was.

"His brother don't seem to get angry a bit," said Jamie; "I guess he's sorry."

"I don't believe he's a grain sorry," spoke up Hartson, who was the

youngest of my two boys, but was a stout, sturdy little fellow, more active and demonstrative than his brother. "I do n't like him. I believe he stole some of my filberts yesterday."

"That is a very wholesale accusation, Hartson," said I, startled at this readiness of suspicion.

"Well I do," said Hartson; "I had six when he came out of his 'rithmetic class, and after he had passed down the aisle there wasn't but four. There was nobody else went by, and my seat-mate did n't touch 'em, for he is Richard Long."

"Two filberts ain't much," said Jamie.

"No! they ain't much to lose," said Hartson, "but they are a good deal to steal I should say."

"Very well said, my son," thought I, a little surprised at this distinction; but I only told them that they must come into the house, for I wished to have them with me. The attention of the boys in the group had, one after another been directed toward us, and presently the one about whom they were collected, following his brother's glance, became aware that he was observed, but he only flashed an angry look of defiance at his brother, as if he were in some way to blame for our observation, and took no further heed of us.

Our home was a little out of the heart of that great babel of a city where it had been appointed us to live, and the small morsel of this lower earth of which we claimed possession, was bounded and cut short on the north by the library window of which I have spoken. Beyond this, as I have said, was an open lot or court a few rods in width, at the opposite side and at the lower end of which were a couple of stables, and then the high fence bordering the alley between the two streets. The next evening the same boy passed under my window through the court again, while I was sitting there, and cast up at me a defiant glance as he did so. Jamie's seat at school had been changed at my

request during the day, and I thought from his look that he either knew or guessed my agency in the matter. He passed through the little gate in the fence to the alley, and I judged that it was a nearer way home from school for him than if he went round by the street. But it was nearly a week before I saw him again, and then he was standing on the opposite side of the court talking earnestly with Jamie. He did not look in my direction when I took my seat by the window, but I was sure that he saw me.

I sat watching them silently for a few minutes. Jamie was evidently uneasy, and occasionally took a step toward the house, but was as often called back by something that his companion said.

"How easy it would be," thought I, "for Jamie to fall completely under that boy's influence, if there were no one to watch him. Alas for those poor children who have no wise mother to direct them. Many of the pure and innocent fall in this way, I have no doubt;" and I breathed an earnest prayer that God would help me in my charge of those whom He had given me. And then a more kindly thought came into my heart as I looked beyond the narrow circle of my own domestic cares and duties, for it struck me as barely possible that this poor boy might be without a mother. "I will ascertain," I resolved, as I called Jamie to me. His companion pressed his lips firmly together when he heard the call, and fixed his eyes steadily on the house for a few moments, and then went off whistling. I could not help looking after him as he walked away—at his well-knit figure and resolute step, and thinking what a pity of him it was that he should be no wiser or better trained.

"What were you talking about?" I asked of Jamie when he came to me in the library.

"About," said Jamie, blushing, and then looking pale. "We were talking about an orange. He wanted I should have an orange."

"Did he offer to give you an orange?" said I, looking seriously into my boy's face.

"Yes, ma'am — or — he had an orange, and he offered to give me half," said he hesitatingly, and looking confused.

"And why didn't you take it?" I asked, anxious to get at the bottom of the matter.

"Because," said he twirling his fingers, while a great sigh struggled up out of his little heart, and then suddenly nestling close to me he laid his head upon my shoulder. I folded him fondly in my arms, and waited with patience for what he had to say. It was only a moment before he raised his head, and laying his hand upon my cheek said, confidentially, "Mamma, I am afraid Wallace stole the orange he gave me the other day."

"Wallace is his name, then?"

"Yes, ma'am; Wallace Heber. I saw it in his book before he left my seat. His brother's name is Robert."

"And why do you think he stole the orange?"

"Oh, because — I think — I'm afraid he did. And, mamma, what if he did?"

"Why, my son, that's a strange question. You know what a terrible thing it is to steal?"

"Yes, mamma! but I don't mean that; but you know I didn't know that he stole it when he gave it to me. Was it wrong?"

"What! for you to take it, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am! was that wrong when I didn't know?"

"Certainly not, if you did not suspect any thing wrong about it; but you don't know that it was stolen now do you?"

"No, ma'am, not for certain — I don't know that *that* one was."

"But was the one stolen that he offered you to day?"

"Ought I to tell you, mamma?"

"To be sure you ought. It is necessary for me to know what temptations come in my little boy's way;

and besides it is never right to conceal any thing of that kind. Did he tell you not to tell?"

"No! he told me to go and tell of it as quick as I could. He said I would make a nice little tell-tale. And that made me ashamed — for fear it was not honor, you know."

"That was just what he intended probably. But I hope you will never suffer any evil-minded person to make you ashamed of doing right. You must try always to be strong enough not to be moved by taunts of this kind. It is the way in which vicious people will try to draw you into their snares. It certainly isn't honor to become the keeper of their bad secrets. Now I wish you to tell me all about this. Where did you meet Wallace?"

"At the corner of B. . . . street, as I was coming back from the errand you sent me down-town. And he said he would show me something if I would come across the park with him. But I told him that I must go directly home. So he came along talking with me until we were near Talcott's grocery, and he told me to do as he did, and I would be well paid for it. There was a box of fine oranges there, and he passed close to it, and slipped one into his pocket. Then when I came up with him he asked me where my orange was, and I asked him if he took me for a thief, and he laughed and asked me if I took him for a thief. I told him that I thought a boy who stole oranges was a thief, and he said he thought a boy that went without a thing he had a right to, was a fool."

"What did he mean by that? What right could he have to Mr. Talcott's oranges?"

"He says his father is part owner in the grocery — owns the larger half, and he used to have all the oranges out of it that he wanted, and he means to have them yet for all Mistress Sly."

"Who is Mistress Sly?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it's his mother."

"Oh, no! it can't be his mother. Are you sure he has a mother?"

"Oh, yes, he's got a mother. I heard somebody call him in the alley the other day. A man in the garden called him and said, 'Go to your mother this moment, young man. She wants you.' I shouldn't like to be called 'young man.'"

I hardly knew whether my interest in the boy was increased or diminished, when I found that I was wrong in my conjecture that he might be without a mother. Indeed, there seemed to be little reason why I should be interested in him at all, except the interest a mother would feel that her son should avoid such companionship. "That boy is capable of a great deal of evil," I said to myself, still thinking of the manner in which he had just walked down the court. "And possibly of a great deal of good," I added, with a sigh, which was probably one of mingled regret that so much of good should be dormant in human hearts with no one sufficiently interested to bring it out, and of fear at the possible glimpse of a new duty lying in my own path. While I was musing, Jamie still stood at my side with my arm about him, and presently he said:

"Well, mamma."

"Yes, my son," I said, answering his half-formed inquiry. "There was more I wished to say to you. I want to have you understand just what I think about this matter of being called a tell-tale. In the first place, if the boys wish to tell you any thing that you are not to tell your parents, do n't listen to it. If it is not a good thing for us to hear, it is not a good thing for you to hear. You don't wish to know that which it is improper for us to know. You do n't wish to have any thing in your thoughts that you can not speak about to your mother. For the great thing that makes home the happiest place in the world for us, is that there we each talk freely of any thing that comes into our minds, and find friends who are interested in all that pleases

or troubles us. If home is not a place of perfect confidence, it has lost its greatest charm. I never allow any one to tell me any thing that is not to be told to your father. If it is not best for him to know it, it is not best for me. And so you, if you begin to keep the secrets of your playmates, which you are not to mention to us, have broken this charm of perfect confidence, which is the best jewel in the chain that binds us together. You do not wish to do this, do you?"

"No, mamma," said Jamie, kissing me.

"And then, on the other hand, if you happen by accident to see some crime or wrong act of theirs that they don't wish you to mention, their wish that you should refrain from doing so lays you under no obligation whatever. In the laws of our country, if a person chances to be the witness of any crime, he is obliged to testify to it; and do you think the notions of honor that your playmates may have are wiser than the laws of your country? Not that I would have you pick up trifling, unimportant things that you may see, and repeat them everywhere. That is what is called tattling. But if it is important, if it is any thing that troubles you so that you think of it again and again, come to me with it. Don't go to your playmates, but come to me, and I can decide whether it should go any farther or not. You must trust my judgment about it. Never repeat evil reports among your playmates, but when you are in doubt about any thing bring it to your mother. The reason why you were placed a helpless little child in the hands of your parents was that you might have their experience to direct you until you had lived long enough to have experience and judgment of your own. Do you understand me, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, then, you need never blush at the taunts of your playmates when you are decided what it is right for you to do, and determined to do it."

CHAPTER II.

THE RACES.

"What man so wise, what earthly wit so rare,
As to descry the cunning, crafty train,
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colors dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth whose shape she well can feign,
And fitting gesture to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain."

SPENSER.

Soon after this last conversation with Jamie, my little daughter Ellen was taken sick. She had always been delicate, but for many weeks of this summer she seemed lingering on the brink of the grave, and with that absorbing affection which a mother can feel for an only and much cherished daughter, I hung over her night and day, taking little heed of any thing besides. At last she recovered so as to come back to her old place on the lounge by the bay window in the library. This bay window occupied a niche where the back part of the house jutted beyond the front, and looked into our own yard rather than into the court, as did one I have already described. A gravel-walk ran up among the snowballs and lilacs to the step beneath the bay window, and the window itself was overhung with climbing-roses and honeysuckles so as to be shaded from the street toward which it looked. It was the most delightful corner that the house afforded in the summer time. Indeed, the library was our summer home—Ellen's and mine. She had never attended school, for I considered her health too frail to allow her away from me, but here we read, and sewed, and talked together, day after day, until even now every niche in the old library is alive with memories of her early questionings of life. During this summer, however, we had but few of those quiet communings together which were such a pleasure and a benefit to us both. For directly after she had been pronounced convalescent by the physician, and had come back to lay her pale cheek upon the cushions of the lounge, and drink the perfume of the June roses that had carried their blossoms far into

July — just as I was beginning to feel relieved about her, and ready to turn my attention more completely to domestic affairs, a sister came from her distant home to visit me, with her two daughters, and as they had many old acquaintances in the place, I was too much occupied with company during the remainder of the summer to pay as much attention to Jamie and Hartson as they had been accustomed to receive. They were constantly at school, and as they had always gone along without stepping very far out of the path of rectitude which I had pointed out for them, I seem to have thought that they would continue to do so whether I watched them or not.

From this lethargy, however, I was suddenly aroused one morning in the early autumn, a few days after my sister left me. It was something like an hour past school-time, and I had just finished my morning work and taken my seat in the library, when I saw Robert, the brother of Wallace Heber, open the front gate and come down the gravel-walk toward the bay window where Ellen was sitting. I had seen these boys in the court frequently during the summer, and had ascertained that they lived on Granville street, just back of us, and that their father was the recent purchaser of considerable property in our neighborhood; but I had never seen one of them in our yard before. I rose up as he approached. If he wished to see us why did he not come to the door instead of to that window. He placed one foot on the little step under the window, and seemed about to speak to Ellen, but seeing me approach, he asked me in a subdued tone and with the downcast look which I had noticed in him before, if I had seen any thing of his brother during the morning. I had not — why did he come to me for his brother, I thought, with a quick impulse of alarm. He seemed to gather as much, for without looking up he went on to explain. He had seen Wallace with my boys before school-time, and they were none of them at

school. He was very anxious to find Wallace—he felt uneasy about him.

"Not at school! Were not Jamie and Hartson at school?"

"No, ma'am," he said, still keeping his eyes on the ground, and fidgeting with his foot upon the step. "He had just come from school, and they were not there."

I looked at him with some of that want of affection which people are apt to feel toward those who are the bearers of ill-tidings.

"Where can they be?" I asked with a long breath.

"I don't know, ma'am," he said, raising his eyes as high as my waist, and dropping them again. There was a silence of a few moments while I stood looking at him in my surprise, but presently he added, hesitatingly, "I—I was afraid, ma'am, that they might have gone to the races."

The races! To be sure there were races over the river at D. . . that day, and a prize fight, into the bargain, to close up this delectable entertainment.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Jamie and Hartson would never go to such a place."

"Perhaps not," said he in the same tone. "But I was afraid Wallace might have gone, and—I thought you might have known something about it."

He turned away, and had nearly reached the gate, before I recovered from my surprise sufficiently to admit the possible correctness of his information.

"Stop!" I called after him. "Do you know when the last train went out for D. . .?"

"At nine o'clock and forty minutes, ma'am," he replied.

"And when is the next one?"

"At eleven," said he, apparently well posted in the matter.

"Ellen," said I, "I must find your father. Give Biddy the keys for the dessert when she comes in, and tell her about the vegetables for dinner;" and throwing on a bonnet and shawl, I set off hastily for my husband's of-

fice. By going through the garden and down the drive-way of one of our neighbor's, I could reach it by a much nearer way than if I went round by the street, and it was a short cut that we often took. When I arrived at the gate opening from the drive-way into the street, I found Hartson leaning with both hands against the bars, and looking with an eager, half-frightened look down the street. He had evidently just ran in and closed the gate, and paused for a close survey of the streets in all directions. He did not see me till I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Where is Jamie?" I asked.

"I—I am afraid he has gone with Wallace," he replied, looking up at me, and bursting out with a pent-up flood of excitement and grief.

"Where has Wallace gone?"

"To D. . . ."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am! I saw him on the cars."

"And you think Jamie has gone?"

"I guess he has. *Did* papa say we might go?"

"Why no, my son. . . Did he ever allow you to go to such a place? Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because the man said he did."

"The man. What man?"

"I don't know. I thought first it was Wallace's father."

"That can hardly be," said I.

"No, I guess it wasn't. But he called him 'my son.'"

"And why do you think it was not?"

"I don't know. I don't think Wallace would talk with his father in that way."

"You say that you saw Wallace in the cars. Now where did you leave Jamie?"

"Up at the depot."

"Did any one give you leave to go to the depot?"

"No, ma'am."

"How came you to go?"

"Oh, they coaxed us," he replied, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Well, how came you to leave Jamie?"

"The man took hold of his hand to take him on the cars, and reached out his other hand for me, and I ran as fast as I could, and came home. I thought Jamie might come too; but I heard the cars start, and I'm sure he's gone."

"How came the man to tell you that your papa said you might go?" asked I, striving how to get at the bottom of this singular affair.

"He said that it wasn't the place we thought it was: but it was a very nice place to go, and you would n't care at all, he knew you would be glad to have us take so much pleasure; and then, when we would n't go, he said he knew our father, and he would go and ask him. And when he came back he said we were to go, and to stay over night and see the play there was to be in the evening, and he was to take care of us."

"And you did not believe this?" said I, pressing my boy's hand, which I held in mine during this conversation.

"No."

"Why?"

"'Cause—'cause—why he was n't gone half long enough."

"But do you think that Jamie believed it?"

"I do n't see how he could, hardly."

"Well, my son, I have no time to talk with you about this now. We must find Jamie. I wish you to go to your father's office and tell him that Jamie has probably gone to D. . . ., and ask him to come home. I will go to Mrs. Heber, and see if I can find out any thing more about this sad affair."

On arriving at Mrs. Heber's, I neglected to give my name, when I inquired for her, and it was not asked for by the girl who let me in. There seemed to be a brief whispered conversation at the head of the stairs, when a visitor was announced, and then a lady made her appearance, dressed in a somewhat gay but not very

tidy morning gown. I was too much absorbed with my errand to notice her particularly then, but still she left an impression upon me which would have enabled me to describe her with tolerable faithfulness subsequently, even if I had never seen her again. Her eyes were round and blue, and her skin had that downy whiteness which had probably been very fair in its earlier youth; while her hair had a loosely tightened appearance, so to speak, as if it had been screwed up with one rapid twist on emerging from its night cap, and then left to make such escapes as it could until now. I stated my errand briefly, expecting her to know something of the matter; but, without giving me to understand whether she did or not, she answered very coolly, that it made no difference whether Wallace was at D. . . . or not he would be in mischief wherever he was, and he might as well be there as any where.

I was astonished at this indifference on the part of the mother, and, without seeing very clearly whether I was to gain any thing by my visit here or not, I asked if she knew anything of his going—if it were possible that his father were with him. "No, certainly not," she said, "he left the house not three minutes ago." Did she know, then, who it could have been that went with them on board the cars? It appeared that a man was with them. "She knew nothing about it." "Nor where they obtained the money for their expenses?" "No."

"Very well, then." I had remained standing during the conversation, and now moved toward the door. "We should send for Jamie;" and I thought it probable that she might wish to have her son brought back also."

"Her son, oh! that such a boy as he should be called—" There was a short, quick whistle in some room near us, and, with an immediate change of voice, she interrupted herself and said he was a sad boy, indeed, but she supposed he ought to be brought back. She would send word to his father.

"Very well; we should try to send by the eleven o'clock train; we must make haste. If she wished to confer with us, she would find us at 109 Bank street," and, bidding her good morning, I took my leave.

When the door was closed behind me, I saw that a man with a hose was watering the yard, and the walk leading to the street was flooded with water. In order to avoid this wet, I crossed the piazza which covered the front of the house, and went out by the garden walk, which was dry. The piazza ran past the parlor windows, but the blinds were close shut so as to render me invisible to those within; but I heard a voice which I did not recognize, apparently of some one just entering the room, exclaim, "You have played the wrong card this time, old lady."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Heber, sharply.

"That's Mrs. Mills."

"What, not Mrs. Mills over here on Bank street?"

"Yes, *ma'am*."

"Why did n't you let me know?"

"I did try; but—" I had passed out of hearing, and never knew the "but" that prevented Mrs. Heber from knowing her guest that morning. This conversation however recalled to me the fact that I had failed to introduce myself, and also turned my attention for a moment to my dress, for the morning gown I wore was of the plainest calico, and the bonnet and shawl I had on were those I was accustomed to wear to market, and had, indeed, served their turn among the cabbages and roasting pieces, and buckster women that very morning. I was too much distressed about Jamie, however, to have spent a thought about my dress, and it was no consolation then to me, to know that the coolness of my reception was to be attributed to my dress, rather than to myself, who, as the wife of a man possessing a sufficient amount of bank stock to raise him above the imputation of poverty, was entitled to some

consideration from those who regarded such attributes. But it gave me a new heart-ache to know that any son would be regarded with such indifference by his mother.

I found my husband at home on my return, and imparted to him, as rapidly as I could what I knew of the affair, while he made hasty preparations to go out to D. . . by the eleven o'clock train. Before these preparations were concluded Mrs. Heber was announced. On entering the parlor, I found her, stiff with brocade and fluttering with jewelry and embroidery, and looking withal much more fresh and youthful than she had appeared to me in the dim light of her own parlors. How could she spend her time on this frippery, thought I, in the midst of my anxiety. Her son Robert was with her. He had not found an opportunity, she said, to inform her of his fears about Wallace before my call, so that she had known nothing about it. Robert was quite ready to go down on the eleven o'clock train, and bring them both back.

I thanked her; but Mr. Mills would go himself for Jamie, as he would trust to no one else the finding of his boy in such a crush as there would be at D. . . He could bring back Wallace also if she wished.

Certainly—she should be very glad to have him do so.

I thought Robert looked a little discontented at this arrangement, but his mother did not seem to notice it; and, as the carriage was driven up at this moment, my husband entered it, and drove off rapidly to reach the train, there was no time for Robert to accompany him, if he had wished.

All that day, my husband sought for Jamie, amid the noisy, evil crowd at D. . . , and did not find him. At night, despairing of success in any other way, he stationed himself by the ticket-table at the entrance of the play-house, and watched for him through the crowd, with each new group that entered. Throng after throng went by, until the house was already

crowded and still there was no Jamie. But at last he came — shrinking, timid and very pale — putting out both hands before him to protect his slight figure from the crowd, and hastening after Wallace and a tall black whiskered man who accompanied him. His father started forward on seeing him, and caught him by the hand. His hand was hot and feverish, and he seemed shivering with a tremor of nervous excitement. He gave one look upward, and with a slight exclamation of surprise, fainted quite away. There was a slight bustle in the crowd at this, and Wallace turned back to see what was the matter. As he did so, my husband heard some one — he was not sure whether it was the dark whiskered man or not — say to him, “Let him alone. He has made us more trouble to-day than he’ll ever be worth in the world;” but Wallace, without heeding this, came back. He did not seem to know at first, that it was his father who held him, and he called anxiously for water; but Jamie recovered directly, and looking into his father’s face, said faintly, with his first breath, “Take me home.”

When Wallace discovered that Jamie was safely cared for, he was about to retreat as if he would gladly escape from observation, but Mr. Mills called after him, “I expect you will go home with me as well as Jamie. Your mother has sent for you.”

“My mother has sent for me!” exclaimed Wallace, turning contemptuously on his heel, “I wish she had,” he muttered sadly. He was moving off, but, as if upon second thought, he returned to Mr. Mills and said with a respectful, gentlemanly air, “Are you in earnest, sir? Did my mother send for me?”

“She did. Is it so strange that your mother should send for you when she finds you in such a place as this?”

“Yes sir, it is strange,” said Wallace looking curiously into my husband’s face, “You mean my mother — not my father?”

“I mean your mother. Are you ready to go with me?”

“Yes, sir, I’ll go — I’ve had enough of this,” said Wallace, after a few moments’ thought.

* * * * *

The early twilight had long since deepened into evening, and the round moon was coming up among the domes and chimneys, when my white-cheeked, shivering Jamie was restored to me once more. His father brought him in, in his arms, for the child really seemed hardly able to walk of himself. He had always been a remarkably nervous, excitable child, and, though now twelve years old, he was very slight and small of his age. He was covered with mud and dirt, for the grounds were wet, and he had been dragged about with Wallace and his companion, till he was sick and tired. Besides, he had come in contact with more wickedness and profanity during the day than he had known in the course of his whole life before. The consciousness of his own fault haunted and frightened him, and, in addition to all this, he had learned in the course of the day that the money which paid their expenses had been stolen by Wallace from his father’s till. This filled his mind with a horror of detection and imprisonment, and he knew not what, but his fancy filled out the vague picture with all the dark accessories that a nervous child could conjure up, so that when he reached home he was really ill in body as well as mind.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN’S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SOMETHING TO DO.

I PREMISE that these thoughts do not include *married* women, for whom there are always plenty to think, and who generally think quite enough of and for themselves; therefore let them be! They have cast their lot for the good or ill, have

realized, in greater or less degree, the natural vocation of our sex — women joined to man. They must find out its comforts and its responsibilities, and e'en make the best of both. It is the single woman, belonging to those supernumerary pale ranks, which, political economists tell us, are yearly increasing, who most need thinking about.

First, in their early estate, when they have so much in their possession — youth, bloom, and health, giving them that temporary influence over the other sex which may result, and is meant to result, in a permanent one. Secondly, when this sovereignty is passing away, the chance of marriage lessening, or wholly ended, or voluntarily set aside, and the individual making up her mind to what, as respect for Grandfather Adam and Grandmother Eve must compel us to admit, is an unnatural condition of being.

Why this undue proportion of single women should almost always result from over-civilization, and whether, since society's advance is usually indicated by the advance, morally and intellectually, of its women — this progress, by raising women's ideal standard of the "holy estate," will not necessarily cause a decline in the very unholy estate which it is most frequently made — are questions too wide to be entered upon here. I have only to deal with facts — with a certain acknowledged state of things, perhaps impossible of remedy, but by no means incapable of amelioration.

But, granted these facts, and leaving to wiser heads their cause and their cure, I, a woman, have a right to say my say — out of practical observation and experience. And, looking around upon the middle-classes, which form the staple stock of the community, it appears to me that the chief canker at the root of women's lives is the want of something to do.

Herein I refer, as this chapter must be understood especially to refer, not to those whom ill or good fortune —

query, is it not often the latter? — has forced to earn their bread; but "young ladies," who have never been brought up to do any thing. Tom, Dick, and Harry, their brothers, has each had it knocked into him from school-days that he is to do something, to be somebody. Counting-houses, shops, or college, afford him a clear future on which to concentrate all his energies and aims. He has got the grand *pabulum* of the human soul — occupation. If any inherent want in his character, any unlucky combination of circumstances, nullify this, what a poor creature the man becomes! — what a dawdling, moping, sitting-over-the fire, thumb-twiddling, lazy, ill-tempered animal! And why? "Oh, poor fellow! 't is because he has got nothing to do!"

Yet, this is precisely the condition of women for a third, a half, often the whole of their existence. That Providence ordained it so — made men to work, and women to be idle — is a doctrine that few will be bold enough to assert openly. Tacitly, they do, when they preach up lovely uselessness, fascinating frivolity, delicious helplessness — all those polite imper tinences and poetical degradations to which the foolish, lazy, or selfish of our sex are prone to incline an ear, but which any woman of common sense must repudiate as insulting not only her womanhood, but its Creator.

Equally blasphemous, and perhaps even more harmful, is the outcry about "the equality of the sexes;" the frantic attempt to force women — who, nine-tenths of them, are ignorant of, and unequal for their own duties — into the position and duties of men. A pretty state of matters would ensue! Who, that ever listened for two hours, to the verbose, confused inanities of a lady's committee, would incontinently go and give his vote for a female House of Commons? or who, on the receipt of a lady's letter of business — I speak of the average — would wish thereupon to have our

courts of justice stocked with matronly lawyers, and our colleges thronged by

Sweet girl-graduates, with their golden hair?

As for finance, in its various branches — if you pause to consider the extreme difficulty there always is in balancing Mrs. Smith's housekeeping-book, or Miss Smith's quarterly allowance, I think, my dear Paternal Smith, you need not be much afraid lest this loud acclaim for "woman's rights" should ever be more than "great cry and little wool."

No; equality of the sexes is not in the nature of things. Man and women were made for, and not like one another. One only "right" we have to assert with the opposite sex — and that is as much in our own hands as theirs — the right of having something to do. That both sexes were meant to labor — one "by the sweat of the brow;" the other, "in sorrow to bring forth" — and bring up — "children" — can not, I fancy, be questioned. Nor, when the gradual changes of the civilized world, or some special destiny, chosen or compelled, have prevented that first, highest, and in earlier times almost universal lot, does this accidental fate in any way abrogate the necessity, moral, physical, and mental, for a woman to have occupation, in other forms.

But how few parents ever consider this? Tom, Dick, and Harry, aforesaid, leave school and plunge into life; "the girls" likewise finish their education, come home, and stay at home. That is enough. Nobody thinks it needful to waste a care upon them. Bless them, pretty dears, how sweet they are? papa's nosegay of beauty to adorn his drawing-room. He delights to give them all they can desire — clothes, amusements, society; he and mamma together take every domestic care off their hands; they have abundance of time and nothing to occupy it; plenty of money and little use for it; pleasure without end, but not one definite object of interest or employment; flattery and flummery enough, but no solid food whatever, to satisfy mind or heart — if they happen

to possess either — at the very emptiest and most craving season for both. They have literally nothing whatever to do, except to fall in love; which they accordingly do, the most of them as fast as ever they can.

"Many think they are in love, when in fact they are only idle," — is one of the truest sayings of that great, wise bore, Imlac, in *Rasselas*, and it has been proved by many a shipwrecked life, of girls especially. This "falling in love," being usually a mere delusion of the fancy, and not the real thing at all, the object is generally unattainable or unworthy. Papa is displeased, mamma, somewhat shocked and scandalized; it is a "foolish affair," and no matrimonial results ensue. There only ensues, what? A long, dreary season, of pain, real or imaginary; yet not the less real because it is imaginary; of anger and mortification, of impotent struggle — against unjust parents, the girl believes, or, if romantically inclined, against cruel destiny. Gradually this mood wears out, she learns to regard "love" as folly, and turns her whole hope and aim to — matrimony! matrimony in the abstract: not *the* man, but any man — any person who will snatch her out of the dullness of her life, and give her something really to live for — in short, something to do.

Well, the man may come or he may not. If the latter melancholy result occurs, the poor girl passes into her third stage of young-lady-hood, fritters or mopes away her existence, sullenly bears it, or dashes herself blindfold against its restrictions; is unhappy, and makes her family unhappy: perhaps herself cruelly conscious of all this, yet unable to find the true root of bitterness in her heart; not knowing exactly what she wants, yet aware of a morbid, perpetual want of something. What is it?

Alas! the boys only have had the benefit of that well-known juvenile apophthegm, that

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do:

it has never crossed the parents' minds that the rhyme could apply to the delicate digital extremities of the daughters.

And so their whole energies are devoted to the massacre of old Time. They prick him to death with crochet and embroidery needles; strum him deaf with piano and harp playing — *not* music; cut him up with morning-visitors, or leave his carcass in ten-minutes' parcels at every friend's house they can think of. Finally, they dance him defunct at all sort of unnatural hours; and then, rejoicing in the excellent excuse, smother him in sleep for a third of the following day. Thus he dies, a slow, inoffensive, perfectly natural death; and they will never recognize his murder, till on the confines of this world, or from the unknown shores of the next, the question meets them: "What have you done with Time?" Time, the only mortal gift bestowed equally on every living soul, and, excepting the soul, the only mortal loss which is totally irretrievable.

Yet this great sin, this irredeemable loss, in many women, arises from their ignorance. Men are taught, as a matter of business, to recognize the value of time, to apportion and employ it; women, rarely or never. The most of them have no definite appreciation of the article as a tangible, divisible commodity at all. They would laugh at a mantua-maker who cut up a dress-length into trimmings, and then expected to make out of two yards of silk a full skirt. Yet that the same laws of proportion should apply to time and its measurements — that you can not dawdle away a whole forenoon, and then attempt to cram into the afternoon the entire business of the day — that every minute's unpunctuality constitutes a debt or a theft (lucky, indeed, if you yourself are the only party robbed or made creditor thereof!) these slight facts rarely seem to cross the feminine imagination.

It is not their fault: they have

never been "accustomed to business." They hear that with men "time is money;" but it never strikes them that the same commodity, equally theirs, is to them not money, perhaps, but *life* — life in its highest form and noblest uses — life bestowed upon every human being, distinctly and individually, without reference to any other being, and for which every one of us, married or unmarried, women as well as man, will assuredly be held accountable before God.

My young-lady friends, of from seventeen upward, your time, and the use of it, is as essential to you as to any father's or brother's of you all. You are accountable for it just as much as they are. If you waste it, you waste not your substance, but your very souls — not that which is your own, but your Maker's.

Ay, there the core of the matter lies. From the hour that honest Adam and Eve were put into the garden, not — as I once heard some sensible preacher observe — "not to be idle in it, but to dress it and to keep it," the Father of all has never put one man or one woman into this world without giving them something to do there, in it and for it; some visible, tangible work to be left behind them when they die.

Young ladies, 't is worth a grave thought — what, if called away at eighteen, twenty, or thirty, the most of you would leave behind you when you die? Much embroidery, doubtless; various pleasant, kindly, illegible letters; a moderate store of good deeds; and a cart-load of good intentions. Nothing else — save your name on a tomb-stone, or lingering for a few more years in family or friendly memory. "Poor dear . . . ! what a nice lively girl she was." For any benefit accruing through you to your generation, you might as well never have lived at all.

But "what am I to do with my life?" as once asked me one girl out of the number who begun to feel aware that, whether marrying or not,

each possesses an individual life, to spend, to use, or to lose. And herein lies the momentous question.

The difference between man's vocation and woman's, seems naturally to be this — one is abroad, the other at home; one external, the other internal; one active, the other passive. He has to go and seek out his path; hers usually lies at her feet. Yet each is as distinct, as honorable, as difficult: and whatever custom may urge to the contrary — if the life is meant to be a worthy or a happy one — each must resolutely and undoubtedly be trod. But — *how?*

A definite answer to this question is simply impossible. So diverse are characters, tastes, capabilities, and circumstances, that to lay down an absolute line of occupation for any six women of one's own acquaintance, would be the merest absurdity.

"Herein the patient must minister to herself." To few is the choice so easy, and the field of duty so unlimited, that she need puzzle very long over what she ought to do. Generally — and this is the best and safest guide — she will find her work lying very close at hand; some desultory tastes to condense into regular studies — some faulty household quietly to remodel — some child to teach, or parent to watch over; or, all these being needless or unattainable, to try and extend her service out of the home into the world, which perhaps never at any time so much needed the help of us women. And hardly one of its charities and duties can be done so thoroughly as by a wise and tender woman's hand.

Here occurs another of those plain rules which are the only guidance possible in the matter — a Bible rule, too — "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Question it not, philosophise not over it — do it! — only *do it!* Thoroughly and completely, never satisfied with less than perfectness. Be it ever so great or so small, from the founding of a village-school to the making of a

collar — do it "with thy might;" and never lay it aside till it is done.

Let each day's account leave this balance — of something done. Something beyond mere pleasure, one's own or others' — though both are good and sweet in their way. Let the superstructure of life be enjoyment, but let its foundation be in solid work — daily, regular, conscientious work; in its essence and results as distinct as any "business" of men. What they expend for wealth and ambition, shall not we offer for duty and love — the love of our fellow-creatures, or, far higher, the love of God?

"Labor is worship," says the proverb; also — nay, necessarily so — labor is happiness. Only let us turn from the dreary, colorless lives of the women, old and young, who have nothing to do, to those of their sisters who are always doing something — women who, believing and accepting the universal law, that pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity, have set themselves steadily to seek out and fulfill theirs.

These are they who are little spoken of in the world at large. I do not include among them those whose labors should spring from an irresistible impulse, and become an absolute vocation, or it is not worth following at all — namely, the "gifted" women and writers, painters, musicians, and the like. I mean those women who lead active, intelligent, industrious lives; lives complete in themselves, and therefore not giving half the trouble to their friends that the idle and foolish virgins do — no, not even in love-affairs. If love comes to them accidentally, or rather providentially, and, happily, so much the better! — they will not make the worse wives for having been busy maidens. But the "tender passion" is not to them the one grand necessity that it is to aimless lives: they are in no haste to wed; they have got something to do; and if never married, still the habitual faculty of usefulness gives them in

themselves and with others that obvious value, that fixed standing in society, which will forever prevent their being drifted away, like most old maids, down the current of the new generation, even as dead May-flies down a stream.

They have made for themselves a place in the world; the harsh, practical, yet not ill-meaning world, where all find their level soon or late, and where a frivolous young maid, sunk into a helpless old one, can no more expect to keep her pristine position, than a last year's leaf to flutter upon a spring bough. But an old maid who deserves well of this same world, by her ceaseless work therein, having won her position, keeps it to the end.

Not an ill disposition either, or unkindly; often higher and more honorable than that of many a mother of ten sons. In households, where "Auntie" is the universal referee, nurse, playmate, comforter, and counselor; in society, where "that Miss So-and-so," though neither clever, handsome, nor young, is yet impossible to be omitted or overlooked; in charitable works, where she is "such a practical body — always knows exactly what to do, and how to do it;" or, perhaps, in her own house, solitary indeed, as every single woman's home must be, yet neither dull nor unhappy in itself, and nucleus of cheerfulness and happiness to many another home besides.

She has not married. Under heaven, her home, her life, her lot, are all of her own making. Bitter or sweet they may have been — it is not ours to meddle with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide or narrow as her circle of influence appears, she has exercised her power to the uttermost, and for good. Whether great or small her talents, she has not let one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current of her existence may have been, and in whatever circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily wasted no portion — not a year, not a month, not a day.

Published or unpublished, this woman's life is a goodly chronicle, the title-page of which you may read in her quiet countenance; her manner, settled, cheerful and at ease; her unfailing interest in all things and all people. You will rarely find she thinks much about herself; she has never had any time for it. And this, her life-chronicle, which, out of its very fullness, has taught her that the more one does, the more one finds to do — she will never flourish in your face, or the face of Heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extraordinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply done what it was her duty to do.

But — and when her place is vacant on earth, this will be said of her assuredly, both here and Otherwhere — "*She hath done what she could.*"

SAVE SOMETHING.

NO matter whether it is much or little that you have to spend, save something from it. Always let the year's or the month's account leave a balance in favor of your purse. If you have but a few shillings to spend when you go to market, buy a soup bone and a few vegetables, and dine on soup, or try a stewed liver, or a salt fish, or something that will leave a little surplus from your allowance. Teach your family to be satisfied with such supplies, as will be consistent with this wise regard for the future. It is a good habit to form. And it is a good thing not to be out of money. The extra funds are an excellent ballast, to leave in the hold of the ship in which your comfort and respectability floats. You are far more comfortable, so long as you know that such a surplus is ready to meet any probable exigency. You are far more respectable, so long as you are known to be in the habit of having something on hand to meet such exigencies. The shopman respects you more as you pass his counter, and bows with his

best smiles, hoping that he may tempt you with some of his wares, to make a transfer of those surplus funds from your own purse to his. You are a person of consideration, to all those who have that to sell which you might buy, so long as you retain that surplus, but this consideration is lost the moment the transfer is made. No matter what you have bought with it—it may be the finest article in the shopman's possession, but if it has sounded the depths of your purse, it has taken from you this title to his consideration.

Your friend respects you more, so long as you save something, for he knows that if you do not buy fine things with it, it is not because you are not able. The moneyed man respects you more, for he knows that you will not come to him to borrow that which he is little pleased to refuse, and still less pleased to spare, when those exigencies come for which you have made no provision. Your family respect you more, for they know that while they are made comfortable for to-day, there is a fair prospect of their being comfortable for to-morrow; which is much better than to live in luxury to-day and in uncertainty for the morrow. Try it. This kind of ballast is an excellent thing in the ship of your comfort and respectability. It may founder with the ballast, but it is sure to lurch and beat about most absurdly without it.

Save something. It will help you wonderfully in meeting the waves of life with a steady and substantial motion. And there are few who can not manage it if they will, so that their expenditures shall always fall short of their income.

H. E. A.

SIN—A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

ON one fine autumn day, Richard was keeping his twelfth birthday. He was the son of kind and pious parents, who had given him a large num-

ber of presents of different kinds, and who allowed him to-day to invite a party of friends.

They were playing together in the garden, in which Richard had a small patch of his own, with flowers and fruit-trees in it. On the garden-wall there were growing some young peach-trees, which were bearing fruit for the first time. The fruit was just beginning to ripen, and the red cheeks were showing through the delicate bloom which covered them. They looked so beautiful, that the boys began to long for them.

But Richard said, "My father has told me not to touch these peaches; for it is the first fruit which the trees have borne. I have all sorts of fruit in my garden. Let us all go away, or we might be tempted to pick them."

Then the boys said, "Why should not we taste them? To-day you are king of the garden, and no one else. Besides, is not this your twelfth birthday? You are a year older to-day. You don't mean always to be a child in leading-strings, do you? Only come into *our* garden! No one tells us not to pick things there."

But Richard said, "No, come along with me. Father has told me not to touch them."

Then the boys answered, "But your father will not see you; and how is he to find it out? If he asks you, you can say you know nothing about it."

"Fie," replied Richard, "that would be a lie, and my cheeks would turn red and soon betray me."

Then the oldest said, "Richard is right. Just listen; I know another way. Look here, Richard; let us pick them; then you can say, you did not do it." Richard and the others agreed to this. So they broke off the fruit, and shared it.

As soon as it was getting dusk, the boys went home. But Richard was afraid to meet his father; and whenever he heard the house-door opened, he was frightened, and began to tremble.

At last his father came, and when Richard heard his footsteps, he ran, as quickly as he could, to the other side of the garden, where his own little garden was. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped, and called, "Richard! Richard! where are you?" When the lad heard his own name, he trembled still more from fear.

And his father came to him and said, "Is this the way you keep your birthday? and are these the thanks I receive, that you rob my trees?"

But Richard replied, "I have not touched the trees, father. Perhaps one of the boys did it."

Then his father took him into the house, and placed him in front of him in the light, and said, "Do you still want to deceive your father?" And the boy turned pale and trembled, and with tears confessed the whole. But his father said, "From this time you are never to go into the garden again."

With this his father left him. But Richard could not sleep all night; he felt miserably as he was lying in the dark; he could hear his heart beat; and whenever he was falling asleep he was frightened by dreams. This was the worst night of his life.

The next day he looked pale and wretched, and his mother began to grieve for the boy. So she said to his father, "Look how Richard is taking it to heart and how low-spirited he is. The locking up of the garden is a sign to him that his father's heart is locked against him too."

And the father said, "That is what I wish. That is the reason that I locked up the garden."

"But then," said his mother, "it is so bad a beginning to the new year of his life."

"It will, for that very reason, be the happier afterward," was the reply.

After a few days, the mother said again to the father, "I am afraid of Richard's despairing of our loving him again."

"There is no fear of that," replied the father, "his own guilty heart will as-

sure him of the contrary. Hitherto he has enjoyed our love, now let him learn how to know and admire it, that he may recover it again."

"But," said the mother, "does not it seem to him now to be somewhat serious and stern?"

"That is true," answered the father; for it appears as justice and wisdom. But let him learn in this way, through the consciousness of his sin, to fear and honor it. And in due time it will appear to him again, in its original shape, and he will again, without timidity, call it love. His present trouble is a proof that he is sure to do this by-and-by."

Some time had again passed by, when Richard came one morning out of his bedroom, with a quiet but serious face. He had put together in a basket all the presents which he had ever had from his parents; and he now brought the basket and put it down before his father and mother.

Then his father said to him, "What does this mean, Richard?" And the boy said, "Father, I don't deserve your kindness, so I have brought back the presents. But my heart tells me that I am beginning to be a new child. So, pray forgive me, and take me and every thing you have so kindly given me."

Then the father folded his child in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. And his mother did the same.

FALL FASHIONS AND FALL- ING FORTUNES.

UNDER the head of "Interesting to Ladies," the *Home Journal* publishes a long article in favor of the "Fall fashions." The writer argues that "the expense of dress is a mere *bagatelle* at most," and has nothing whatever to do with the hard times. "Whoever heard," asks the writer, "of a merchant failing by reason of the extravagant dressing of himself or family!"

After laying down these extravagant premises, the author deduces the expensive conclusion that magnificent shawls can be had for \$450; a mantle of application lace for \$75; a beautiful article of dress for the opera for \$100 to \$200; black thread lace points for \$75 to \$300; black thread lace flounces for \$25 to \$50; sleeves and collars for \$150; favorite head-dresses for \$8 to \$50; brocade brocatelles, embroidered in gold and silver for \$35 to \$50 a yard, etc.

From these data we should reasonably conclude that the chief end of woman is to magnify her dress and enjoy it forever. But our "Leader of the Fashions" takes rather a superficial view of the expense as well as of the woman. For what earthly purpose, we would ask Genio, are our immense importations? They are to dress up, flounce out, dazzle over, and make useless playthings, foolish pets, or expensive luxuries of our "democratic republican" women.

Again, one extravagance begets another. A dress whose several parts cost ten or fifteen hundred dollars, must have every thing else to correspond—house, table, furniture, servants, visitors, parties, equipages, etc. And again, there is no end to the "Nothing to wear" passion when it once gets possession of the body and mind, for the fashions change more or less with every month of the year, so that no sooner is the fashionable lady fairly "rigged out"—to borrow a maritime expression—than she must be unriggered and rigged over again. Every changing moon is to her what a storm is to the ship at sea.

Our serious opinion is, that if our American women would dress neatly, plainly, prettily, and richly, but not extravagantly, all the other existing causes of financial embarrassment would not be sufficient to produce a "crisis."—*Life Illustrated*.

THEY only love truly who love wisely.

POPULAR LITERATURE—THE HOME.

THE following article, from one of those friends of "THE HOME" whose approval we value so highly, was intended for the December number, but was received too late for insertion. We, however, copied one or two paragraphs in a sheet which accompanied the December number, because they were particularly appropriate to what we were then saying, and we now give the article entire, not hesitating on the score of modesty, for it is no harm for us to know, or for others to know, how far we are making "THE HOME," in the opinion of others, all that we aim to make it.

[Ed.]

We are prone to congratulate our country upon the multiplication of newspapers and periodicals. But if we consider the real character of our periodical literature, we shall find cause to moderate our gratulations. Of the monthlies scattered in such vast profusion over the land, a large portion, if not a majority of them, contribute nothing to the moral and intellectual improvement of their readers. Who, I ask, are made, by their perusal, better husbands and fathers—wives and mothers—children—citizens? or, rather, have not many of these publications an adverse influence? Of some of them it may perhaps be said, with truth, that their contents are not positively demoralizing; yet, even such are scarcely less effective in dissipating the mind, and diverting it from the pursuit of useful knowledge. Their patronage is monstrous. To hundreds of thousands of the American people they furnish the staple of their reading—thus, instead of advancing the cause of sound literature, actually retarding its progress.

The painful contemplation of this fact, however, finds some relief from the reflection, that there are a few periodicals of an opposite character and tendency. Of this class, I am

happy to say, there is at least one in Western New York. Its salutary influence upon many a home, if I mistake not, has already been felt. It has, I doubt not, proved a most welcome "companion" to many a "wife, and mother, and sister, and daughter." I do most cordially add my testimony to the value of "THE HOME" as a family journal.

I have not been without my fears that, in compliance with the prevailing popular taste, "THE HOME" might be made to drop, or at least to render less prominent, that feature which, in my judgment, constitutes its chief excellency. That such a change would secure, for the present, an increased patronage, is possible. But as its character becomes better known, I believe its circulation will be proportionally extended. I trust I shall not be considered as offending against propriety, if I avail myself of this occasion to urge upon the patrons of "THE HOME," not only the renewal of their subscriptions with the commencement of a new volume, but an effort to increase the number of its subscribers in their respective neighborhoods. Its price is certainly far below its real value. The effect of increased patronage will be to add to this value. The number of its correspondents, or contributors, will be increased, and the publishers encouraged to greater outlays for its improvement. And I will here suggest, that there are many among the readers of "THE HOME," who might, by occasional voluntary contributions to its columns, render an important service to the community. As these remarks are wholly disinterested and unsolicited, I trust they will be laudably considered and duly appreciated.

A. M.

Most people live according to opinion or fashion, which is full of variety, and therefore of perturbation; leaving the direct rule of wisdom, which renders us calm and serene.

WAS IT AN IDOL?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE WRIGHT."

"GOD would divest us of our idols. He would reign supreme in every heart, so when he finds we love too strongly, he tears the object of our affections from us. What we hold at arm's length, we can part with comparatively easily; it is the removal of what we hold to our hearts, that severs the heart strings." So said a preacher.

"I have long been in the habit of viewing every thing around me as in a state of *alienation*. I have never leaned toward my comforts without finding them give way. A sharp warning has met me, 'These are but aliens, and as an alien live thou among them.' We may use our comforts by the way. We may take up the pitcher to drink, but the moment we begin to admire, God will in love dash it in pieces." So said Cecil.

Little Minnie lay in her coffin; the rose upon her breast was not whiter than that marble face, nor stiller than the little heart beneath it. The only daughter—and so many hopes had centred in her; she had so beguiled dull hours and gladdened the household with her love and her merry prattle. She had been welcomed as such a treasure, and cherished so tenderly. She was a blessing to thank God for every day, and the mother walked with a truer and tenderer step before her darling that she might lead her to Jesus. And now the Good Shepherd has taken up the little lamb and folded it in his bosom; and she is told she had set her affections too strongly upon an earthly object, and now it was taken from her because it was an *idol*. Was it an idol?

There was a parting on ship-board. The sails were already spread, which should waft the vessel to the remotest part of the globe, and a father clasped his only daughter to his breast in a last fond embrace, as he bade her good-by, till he should return again.

That brave little one shed no tear, till in her desolate home her grief found way, because she "would not cry on board the ship and grieve dear papa." How she would watch for his letters! how she would greet him when he should return after his long absence! How she startled every one by her precocity and her deep and boundless affection! Was not this a blessing to thank God for, every day and hour? Was this "a treasure to be held at arm's length, to be parted with the more easily?" Yet across the wide seas went the fearful message, with its crushing intelligence, that Gracie was dead. Was this an idol? this which had wakened loving parental gratitude each morning and evening? Or, rather, was not a tender flower taken home to a brighter and more genial clime?

Years had passed by since Annie died, and the mother, with fresh tears, drew from a sacred spot the treasures that her sweet child had prized — the delicate workmanship of those little fingers long since turned to dust, the pictures she drew, the lines she wrote, and said, "Oh, she was a rare child, so companionable, so talented, and so lovely, and *my only one*." "But God took her from you because she was *your idol*," said one. "No, she was not an idol, because she never came between my heart and *Him*," was the reply. And that mother, sorrow-stricken as she was, was right. Nothing is an idol that does not "come between our heart and *Him*," though we love and cherish it ever so dearly. And what mother, from whom the Saviour has taken her precious one to his own tenderer keeping, ever wished she had loved her darling less, to make the parting *easier*? No, we do not believe in "loving at arm's length." Hold the dear one close. Love it tenderly, guide it wisely. He who himself is Love, and made our loving hearts, and gave us our dear ones, meant you should love dearly and truly; and if in his Infinite wisdom he sees fit to spare your dar-

ling the stern and bitter discipline of life, and take it early to himself to develop its spiritual growth in heavenly air and sunshine, believe that he did it in love and not in wrath — that he would not have had you love it *less*, only he loved it more; and though for a little while he leaves you comfortless, he will come to you.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day —
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

Mother's Journal.

SELF-UNDERSTANDING.

EDUCATION is, speaking generally, to qualify a man for a place in society; and though self-helpfulness, and readiness for emergencies, is an important thing — and the *disposition* to it more especially to be encouraged — yet we may suppose a man likely to meet with others to do things for him, if he knows how to do any thing for them, and to make use of them. For the primary or simple purposes of society, what we need to teach a man, if we can do so, is to understand *himself* — that is, to see clearly what he is thinking about, and to understand others, what it is they say to him, and what they are likely to wish for or think; to be able to do something for them, and to know something which may be of use to them. For the secondary, or more refined purposes of civilized society, what we should wish to produce by education would be a degree of independent activity of thought, and yet of intellectual sympathy; so that the intercourse among the members of the society, independently of their material or merely useful concern with each other, should be a common pleasure and advantage.

CONVERSATION should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, learned without pedantry, and novel without falsehood.

WHO MARRY AND HAVE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

MORE than four-sevenths of the marriages in Massachusetts are among the foreign born. Why is it? For the most simple reasons—the foreign born can afford to get married, and the native born can not; and this must be so long as our extravagant modes of life continue. In social life there never was a people tending to more deeper and destructive social corruption—and that is most evident from the records of all the newspapers—than Americans. Our fathers used to tell of the profligacy of Paris; their children tell of the mysteries of New York—a city not far behind any in Europe. And, making proper allowance for size, how far is New York ahead of other cities and towns? Once was the time when the wife was a “helpmeet,” now in a thousand cases you can change the “meet” to “eat,” and make it read more truthfully.

We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools, and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned and wise; they can dance, sing, play pianos, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, paint, write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette and flirt at watering places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But Heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh, we forgot; nobody has bare floors now—how vulgar that would be! What are they at making bread, and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are—to be sure they will board or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again; the fashion changes so often, that nobody has old clothes but the rag-man and paper-makers, now! What are they

at washing babies' faces, and pinning up their trowsers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more; having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having children about her? or if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding-school afterward? We repeat, we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterward keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more persons leading a single life—are there more leading a virtuous life? It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage, is destructive of the virtue of their children; that all the foolish expenditures making to rush their daughters to matrimony, are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether.

CAN MUSIC BE IMMORAL?

MUSIC in itself is sensual. Nothing applies more directly to the nerves, and through the latter to the senses, than sound. It is for this reason, that in the history of all eminently musical men having strictly musical genius or talents, you can trace the immense influence their art had upon their sensual condition. That influence is generally so great, that their bodily strength grows weaker and weaker, till an early death calls them away, long before they have fulfilled not only what they promised the world, but, much more, what they promised themselves. Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bellini, and others, may be cited as glorious examples of this remark. They would have lived much longer had not the sensuality of their nature found superabundant food in the sensuality of their art. And yet these were the high-priests of art, the followers of the beautiful and the pure in sentiment. But where these conditions are want-

ing; where music has no other purpose than to please and excite you; what do you think will be the result of that enervating state of body, in which such music will have put you? Your mind will be also enervated, it will soon lose its balance, and be unable to distinguish what is pure and noble, until you will have become one of that large class of society which lives only by animal instincts, and unprincipled and often even unlawful means of satisfying them. We think the best answer to the above question may be gathered from the records of the victims which fill our hospitals and mad-houses. An intelligent doctor will easily trace the frightful ravages, which in some instances licentious music has had upon his patient. At least, in Germany and Paris, among a hundred sufferers of a certain class of the residents in the lunatic asylum, you will find a fourth who are or were musicians.

Knowing this, we think it becomes an imperative duty to advocate, not only where music is adapted to words, a moral tone, but also in general such music as does not merely appeal to your senses, but also to your brains; which makes you think and reflect, and is fit to enlarge your mind, instead of reducing it to a slave of your nerves and senses.—*Musical Review.*

THE KITCHEN.

WE will give to intellect, to immortality, to religion, and to all virtues, the honor that belong to them. And still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill, and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous.

Nor is it indispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. All the qualifications for good housekeeping can be displayed as well on a small scale as on a large one.

A small house can be kept more easily clean than a palace. Economy is

most needed in the absence of abundance.

Skillful cooking is as readily discovered in a nicely-baked potato, or a respectable johnny-cake, as in a nut-brown sirloin, or a brace of canvass-backs.

A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek for comfort and happiness somewhere else.

Domestic economy is a science—a theory of life, which all sensible women ought to study and practice. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.

PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

BLESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this, recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

PROSPERITY.

WHEN the prosperity of an individual or a nation has been so rapid as to produce intoxication, it necessarily becomes an injury instead of a benefit. There is such a thing as being cursed with blessings, so that the earthly good a man seeks shall become the greatest evil that can be visited upon him. And this is not only true in a spiritual point of view—in that sense which makes it easier “for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven,” but it is true also as regards the things of this world. We all know that those who acquire wealth without any exertion of their own, or who acquire it with great rapidity, are apt to use it far less wisely than those who have toiled carefully for what they possess. If a man must grow mad from rapid prosperity so as to think that there is no limit to his success, he had much better be without it. And so if we find the fruits of the earth bestowed upon us in such abundance as to cause us to use them with wasteful extravagance, we are doing what Providence never intended us to do, and forming habits which render the abundance an evil instead of a blessing.

In the early history of this country, when Virginia was being settled, it was found that the stories of the gold mines, and the great abundance of the New World had thus intoxicated the people; and it was wisely ordered by those who had it in authority, that no more “goldsmiths and jewelers and gentlemen” should be sent out to the new colonies, but rather those who were ready to till the earth, to cultivate the arts of husbandry. In the autumn of 1848, our country was electrified by the discovery of the wonderful gold mines of California, and since then have we not had too many *goldsmiths*, and *jewelers*, and *gentlemen* ready to scatter this gold as it flooded in upon us, and too few of those who cultivate the arts of husbandry? If this were not true we should not now have the products of the earth at such exorbitant prices, and so little of the boasted gold to pay for them with. We have been like excited children, each striving

who should toss about the brightest baubles. Even those who were not themselves possessors of the in-coming gold, have been so dazzled by the glitter of other people's wealth as to suppose that they were rich themselves. And now this sudden panic has come, and those who heard the rumbling of it first have grasped all they could get, and laid it out of sight, and the rest stand rubbing their eyes, and wondering what has become of all that gold which they possessed, or supposed themselves to possess. Indeed, it is a question. Some say continually that the gold has not gone out of the country. But if we import annually five millions more of foreign finery than we export of our own products, it strikes us that money does go out of the country. We need some Martha Washingtons, ready to leave off their silk aprons in time of trouble, and wear domestic gingham. When shall we learn wisdom?

FATHER KEEP.

CHARLES G. LELAND, the appreciative editor of *Graham's Magazine*, cuts the following “sensitive and cheerful scrap” from the *Cleveland Herald*, and remarks upon it:

“GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.—Father Keep, now of Oberlin—a noble old gentleman—at the recent collation, given by the graduates of the college, to the Alumni, told his young friends, ‘never to look upon old age as horrible! A cheerful life spent in doing good, grew happier, and happier, until its golden sunset. Get married—make the wedded life a life of continual courtship, and every wrinkle time marks on the brow of the wife, will become a line of beauty, every mole on the cheek will become a fresh-blown rose!’ Such was his experience, and he had passed his golden wedding even better than the first. The maiden he loved at eighteen was still more treasured and worshiped at seventy-six! Alas that there are so few Father Keeps. He verifies Armstrong's poetic description:

“‘Though old, he still retained
His manly sense, and energy of mind.”

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remembered that he once was young ;
 His easy presence checked no decent joy ;
 Him even the desolate admired ; for he
 A graceful looseness, when he pleased, put on,
 And laughing, could instruct.' "

"Yes — we have known some old gentlemen who could put on the 'looseness' — a very perfect looseness in fact — without the grace — more's the pity. And yet there might be Father Keeps enough in time, if all the young fellows would only grow up thinking of others as much as themselves, and accustoming themselves betimes to bear and forbear, and never make themselves disagreeable when there is 'no call' to be so."

We have known Father Keep ever since the days of our girlhood, and indeed he does not seem to us to have grown a day older in all those years that we have known him. It is a pity that there are so few Father Keeps, and so few golden weddings in the world. But if any one wishes to know his secret, he will find it in the well-balanced life of a true Christian gentleman — one who acknowledges cheerfully his obligations to God and man, and performs them without stint or hesitation.

The following poem from the pen of our valued contributor, Mrs. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE, has been going the rounds of the papers without any credit to the author, or to the paper where it first appeared. Of course somebody is to blame for this. Don't those editors or publishers know when they thus drop the author's name from a good thing, that they are committing a robbery — one which they would not like to have returned upon themselves?

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
 None do I;
 She has dapple grays to draw it,
 None have I;
 She's no prouder with her coachman
 Than am I
 With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
 Trundling by.
 I hide his face lest she should see
 The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
 Mine has not ;
 He could give his bride a palace —
 Mine a cot.
 Hers comes home beneath the starlight —
 Ne'er cares she ;
 Mine comes in the purple twilight,
 Kisses me,
 And prays that He who turns life's sands
 Will hold his loved ones in His hands.
 Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
 So have I;
 She wears hers upon her bosom,
 Inside I;
 She will leave hers at Death's portal
 By-and-by;
 I shall bear my treasure with me
 When I die.
 For I have love and she has gold —
 She counts her wealth — mine can't be told
 She has those who love her — station,
 None have I;
 But I've one true heart beside me —
 Glad am I.
 I'd not change it for a kingdom,
 No, not I;
 God will weigh it in his balance,
 By-and-by.
 And the difference define
 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.
 [Buffalo Times.

The editor of the *Unity Magazine* says that we are a "most hard-hearted woman," because we object to young persons attempting to write poetry, when they have not the slightest possible conception of what the thing is. We wonder if he never gets any of this piled-up lumber of rhyme which the condescending author would permit him to print. Many a schoolboy who thinks that perhaps he can not write quite well enough to do credit to his incipient manliness, is yet pretty sure that he can write well enough for a girl, and the editor he deigns to honor, will get his poems written broadly out in a round schoolboy's hand, and signed "Lillie," or "Priscilla," or some equally euphonic name. Those who are thus honored are ap

to know that the contributions to which these silver names are appended are much better when written in the fine hand that befits their signature, than when they expose a brawny foot, to which they have tried the Cinderella slipper.

OUR STEEL PLATE.

Perhaps no one who has figured in English History, is looked upon at this day with such wide differences of opinion, or, with so much party feeling, as is excited at the name of Cromwell. That he should have been able to make the changes he did in the government of so loyal a nation as England, certainly shows him to have possessed remarkable force of character. If any one wishes to understand the elements of his success, let him turn to the picture. The artist understood thoroughly the subject in hand. Every face is a study. In every one you see that same stern, unflinching might which Scott has so well delineated in the old Scottish Covenanters. With such men as those to back him, and with the weak, uncertain Charles for an opponent, perhaps it was not strange that he should triumph even over the inbred loyalty of England. A friend remarks, in looking at the picture, that you might as well try to conquer the rocks of Gibraltar, as such faces as those, when they are set against you.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

They are a select body of the very best people that the country affords. We rub our hands with many self-gratulations over this fact, and are thankful that we have fallen into good company. And we say, to each and all of you, that the companions with whom you are traveling "HOME-ward," are your compeers in excellence — persons capable of appreciating such virtues as you possess, and ready to aid you in every good word and work. Our private correspondence is particularly acceptable, coming as it does from quiet, thoughtful people, all over the country, the very persons whose approval we should most wish to deserve; and, albeit we have never seen their faces, we

place their names upon our list of friends, and thank them for the cheerful encouragement they give us.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

They are gathering up their energies to make "THE HOME," for 1858, the most attractive and useful magazine that can be found. To those who have sent us such communications as we desire — such as will aid our magazine to become all that we aim to make it, we tender our heartfelt thanks, and hope for a continuance of their favors. To those who have a *gift of the pen*, and leisure and inclination to use it, we say, send us sketches drawn from stirring, active, everyday life — that which you have seen with your own eyes, and heard with your own ears, and know to be a real beauty, or a real blemish — and do not give us the watery drainings of that which has been written and re-written before. Like the old wine, of which Bayard Taylor tells us, it gets to have a taste of smoke and creosote when it is *so very old*.

HARD TIMES.

What! not take the "HOME" on account of the hard times? the very thing of all that you ought not to give up — the very one that has been pointing, all the while, to the rock on which we have split, and which now is using all its abilities to assist you in steering out of the breakers? Don't give up "THE HOME."

HINTS FOR DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BREAKFASTS FOR THE FRUGAL.

BEEF TOAST.—Place a pint of water in a spider or stew-pan, with two onions pared and sliced. Mince or cut in small pieces a pound of cold under-done beef, and add when the onions are partly cooked. When nearly done, add a tea-cupful of brown gravy if you have it, or thicken with browned flour. Toast three or four slices of bread until of a nice brown, lay them upon your platter, pour the meat over, and send to table hot. If onions are not liked, flavor with grated carrot or turnip instead.

CODFISH TOAST.—Wash a pound of codfish thoroughly, and cut it fine; put it in a stew-pan, and cover with water; let it scald, and pour the water off; add a pint of milk or of hot water and let it scald again; rub together a table-spoonful of flour, and a bit of butter half as large as an egg, and stir them in; beat two eggs, remove the stew-pan from the fire, having first seasoned the fish with pepper and salt if necessary. Stir in the eggs thoroughly, letting them cook from the warmth of the gravy, but not suffering them to boil. Have the toast prepared as before upon your platter, and pour the fish over. This is nice without the toast, in which case water may be used instead of milk. It is also cooked without eggs, but a larger piece of butter will be required.

SMOKED BEEF.—Pare off the outside skin, shave the beef as you would for the table, and prepare precisely as in the last recipe, with, or without the toast.

BROILED CODFISH.—Take a small piece of codfish. Skim it and wash it clean. Let it soak over night, or for two or three hours. Take it from the water and drain it. Rub the bars of the gridiron with suet or lard, place it, with the fish on it, over bright coals, and broil rapidly for a few minutes, or until a light brown. Take it up on your platter, put two or three small bits of butter over it, pour on half a tea-cupful of hot water from the tea-kettle, and serve. This is very good with toast under.

CRISPED POTATOES.—Take cold boiled potatoes—enough for your breakfast—pour over one or two table-spoonsful of water from the tea-kettle to moisten, and mash them smooth with the potato-masher; or lay them upon a molding board, and roll them with a rolling-pin, which is perhaps as easy. Have ready on the stove a small tea-cupful of scalded milk, in which butter half as big as a hen's egg has been melted; sprinkle in a salt-spoonful of salt; mix it well with the potatoes, and mold them into form; set the pyramid, or whatever form you have made, on a baking-tin, and place in a moderate oven until they are of a delicate brown. Slip them from the tin upon a platter and serve. Thus prepared they are better than when first cooked, and if you wish to economize do not

let the cook throw away those that are left in the kettle after each meal, but make them useful to your family. If you are serious in your efforts to reform, the toss which Bridget's nose gets into the air will not deter you. What is it to her how much is wasted in your kitchen? We have lived so long in the midst of abundance, that our habits in the cooking of food are *very* extravagant. We have not yet become accustomed to the readier market that our products are now finding, or to the diminution of those products. We have complained bitterly of the increased cost of living, but there are very few who have made any change in the wasteful abundance, with which their tables were supplied.

Every one has dreaded to commence a reform in this respect, from fear of the charge of meanness; a charge which is more dreaded, we believe, although we know no reason why, in regard to food, than in any other respect. With the prices of commodities regulated by European markets, as they must be henceforth, we shall find ourselves obliged to conform more to European customs in regard to food, than we have ever thought it possible for us to do. A very large proportion of the food that passes through the cook's hands, is spoiled, or very nearly so, in cooking; and, knowing this, we can judge whether it is best always to procure the best or highest priced cuts of meat, or of other food, and let it be half spoiled in cooking, or to content ourselves sometimes with that which is less expensive, and take the trouble to see that it is well prepared. It is all important, that the food put into the cook's hands, be wholesome and healthful, in the highest degree; but when this is secured, the next thing is to see that it remains so, and is improved, and not spoiled by cooking. The French are famed for their cooking, and none know so well as they, how to make much of little, and this is true of all good cooking. The poorest cooks are always the most wasteful. Aside from the waste there is in all ill-cooked food, the cook who does not know enough to do her work properly, does not know enough of the value of good food to use it with proper economy. We shall give more of these hints for the frugal in our next number.